

STAMPED "PROVISIONAL."

John E. Redmond's Idea of the Home Rule Bill as it Passed the House of Commons.

Remarkably Able Speech of the Eloquent Leader of the Parnellite "Wing" of the Irish Party.

Mr. John E. Redmond, who was received with cheers, said:

Sir, I cordially congratulate the honorable member (C. Disraeli) who just sat down on the ability of the speech which he has delivered to this house, and if I do not follow him through his arguments I ask him to believe that it is from no want of appreciation of these arguments. I desire, sir, to occupy the time of the house for the briefest possible space, and to come to what I feel it my duty to say at once. *I do not intend to discuss the principle of the bill. The long time spent in committee has, in my opinion, been well spent, and the discussion, though it has been marred often by triviality, by personal rancour, and by party feud—and on the part of many I fear by a want of bonafides—yet on the whole it has been a worthy discussion, and has thrown much light on this difficult and complicated problem. We have now arrived at the end of this discussion, and for the first time we are able to look upon this measure as a whole, and so looking at it I have no hesitation whatever in repeating a few words which I used in this house on the night that this measure was introduced. Today, as they did then, they exactly express my opinion on the merits of the bill. I said on that occasion, "In my opinion

THIS BILL IS DEFECTIVE in every grave and important matters. In some others it is gravely disappointing, and in the financial aspect it is not only ungenerous, but absolutely unjust" (hear hear.) I went on to say that it would be the duty of the Irish Nationalists so to mould the bill in committee, that it might become a satisfactory settlement of the Irish national question. Since I spoke these words it has passed through the ordeal of committee. We have endeavored to use such opportunities as were afforded to us, so to mould the bill that it would satisfy what we consider are the necessary conditions of any reasonable settlement of this problem, and I regret now, at the end of all these discussions, to think every single effort of ours in that direction failed. Those portions of the bill which we regarded as objectionable and dangerous, were voted against by us, but our votes were overborne. Those portions that we regarded as faulty and defective we endeavored to amend, and again our amendments were rejected by the government and an overwhelming majority in the house. The changes which have been made in the bill are changes which on the whole are for the worse and not for the better, and it is significant to reflect that almost every change that has been made in the bill has emanated from men who were openly opposed to the principle of home rule, and had openly boasted that their object in moving amendments was not to improve but to maintain and to destroy the bill (cheers.) One result, and one result only, of the discussion in committee is thoroughly satisfactory, and it is this—

AS THIS BILL NOW STANDS no man in his senses can regard it as a full, final, and satisfactory settlement of the Irish question (opposition cheers). Sir, the word "provisional," so to speak, has been stamped in red ink across every page of this bill. From one point of view I regret this. I have always believed that one of the strongest arguments in favor of home rule among Englishmen was the hope that the passage of a home rule bill into law would mean the end of the Irish question, and from the Irish point of view, I cannot help feeling that we can do nothing really effective for the amelioration of the condition of our people until full and unfettered powers over purely Irish affairs are placed in the hands of Irishmen (cheers). I say at once, without any concealment whatever, that were this bill put before us—or perhaps I should say put before me—for I wish to speak for myself only—if this bill was put before me as the "be-all and end-all" of the national aspirations of Ireland, as a full, final, and satisfactory settlement of the national demands, and were we asked to accept it as such I should feel myself bound to vote against the third reading of the bill. On the contrary, I would say that this bill as it now stands could not in any conceivable circumstances, if passed into law, afford a full, final, and satisfactory settlement of this question (cheers). It would not be a full settlement, because it leaves over for future consideration by the parliament of Great Britain.

SOME OF THE MOST VITAL OF IRISH INTERESTS, and withholds control over them from Ireland. It would not be a final settlement, because, in my opinion, of necessity no partial grant of autonomy can be final. Whether the experiment be successful and the constitutional liberties of the Irish people be widened and increased, or whether the experiment be unsuccessful and the liberties of the people annulled and destroyed—in either

case no one can say that such partial and restricted powers can by any human possibility be invested with the element of finality (cheers). It would not, in my opinion, be satisfactory to England, because no settlement can be satisfactory to England which does not end, as it ought to end, this question, and no settlement could be satisfactory to Ireland which does not make Irishmen masters in their own country. So far as restrictions of the powers of the Irish legislature to give confidence to opponents are concerned, I, for my part, have no objection in particular to these restrictions. Every reasonable man must realize the fact that a very large mass of the people of this country are profoundly distrustful of the wisdom and stability, and even of the ability of Irishmen to rule themselves. From the point of view of those who, like myself, have profound faith in the common sense and ability of our countrymen we take up a logical position. We say that we do not object to restrictions such as the many restrictions in this bill on the powers of the Irish legislature, because we know that if once the experiment of home rule be fairly tried the result will be to justify the Irish people, and to necessitate the disappearance of those restrictions altogether. More especially do I say this with regard to those restrictions which are designed to afford security to those who think that their civil and religious liberty would be menaced by the establishment of home rule. Scarcely any restrictions having that object in view would I object to, because I have the deep conviction that the immediate and certain result of

THE WORKING OF HOME RULE, and the necessary result would be that these restrictions would entirely disappear. So long, therefore, as we are not asked—as we were asked in 1886—to accept this bill as a full, final, and satisfactory settlement of the national demands of Ireland, so long as we are not asked to do that, I say I can make no objection to even going the longest way possible on the road towards conciliation. In the words of the resolution passed by the recent National convention—"The manifest injustice of the financial provisions, the constitution of the proposed legislature, and the degrading and petty restrictions with which its action is hampered, the reservation to the Imperial parliament of the power to impose and control Irish taxes, and of power over so many Irish interests of paramount importance in the development of the nation, coupled with the reduction of the Irish representation in the Imperial parliament during the period of such reservation, leaves little beyond the mere assertion of the principle of home rule to commend the present bill to Irish Nationalists, and renders it impossible of acceptance as a full, final and satisfactory settlement of the National question" (cheers). Sir, every one of the objections to the details of the bill which are mentioned in that resolution were dealt with so far as opportunity permitted us to deal with them in committee on the bill, but the views we expressed in our speeches and by our votes were overborne. Again, I regard

THE FINANCIAL PORTION OF THE BILL as so gross and faulty that it would be absolutely impossible for me to allow the third reading to pass without protesting against it, and making it perfectly clear that my vote on this third reading is not to be regarded as expressing approval of this part of the bill. It is not alone that we regard the financial scheme as ungenerous, considering the past history of the relationship of the two countries and the disparity of wealth between them—it is not alone that we think the proposal morally unjust and that we are being robbed of money—but we believe it would be impossible for us to govern Ireland under this financial scheme. For my part, I believe that any effort to govern Ireland under this financial scheme would not only mean making it absolutely impossible for the new Irish government to enter upon the work of developing the resources of Ireland, improving the material condition of its people, and thus stopping the tide of emigration by making the people happy and contented in their own homes, but to attempt such a policy would mean National bankruptcy (hear, hear). I cannot, therefore, record my vote and allow this occasion to pass without maintaining the view I have expressed on these matters and uttering an emphatic protest against those portions of the measure. My vote, I repeat, must not be taken as expressing any approval of this portion of the bill. Under the circumstances

WHAT IS IRELAND GOING TO GAIN? by the passage of this bill through the house of commons in view of the fact that it will be rejected, everybody knows, by the house of lords? Well, sir, the value I attach to the passage of this bill through the house of commons is that it will mean that after wasting innumerable lives, after the spilling of precious blood, and the enduring of great misery, Ireland will at last have obtained from this house, which is, after all, the representative house of the masses of the British democracy, a reversal of the policy of the Union, and an affirmation of the principle of Irish self-government (cheers). That principle of Irish self-government may be rejected tomorrow by the house of lords. Its affirmation by this house of commons, representing the British democracy, will stand as a record, and, so far as I know, no great principle such as the principle that underlies this bill, has ever been adopted and affirmed by this house that has not sooner or later found its way to the statute book (cheers). The effect of this bill, therefore, means to my mind the speedy and certain incoming of home rule for Ireland, and if it happen, as probably it might happen, that the Irish people experience another period of oppression to endure, they will be sustained by the self-consciousness that the measure of their liberties when it comes will be all the greater, all the wider, and all the more generous because of the futile efforts

that have been made in the interests of those classes by whom Ireland has been so long, so cruelly, and so unjustly misgoverned. Whatever vicissitudes are in front of us—and, heaven knows, the prospect is not without shadows and darkness—we can look with perfect confidence to the future of Ireland. I regard that future as absolutely secure beyond the reach either of the selfishness of class or the prejudice of ignorance, and that the future will be one of

FREEDOM, PROSPERITY AND HONOR (cheers). John Henry Newman, one of our greatest Englishmen, speaking of Ireland, used these beautiful words: "I look towards a land both old and young—old in its Christianity, young in the promise of its future—a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never quenched it. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I turn my eyes to the future, and I see the island I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm, and I see England taught by advancing years to exercise in its behalf that good sense which is her characteristic towards everyone else" (cheers). It is because in my opinion the passage of this bill by this house of commons will mean that the latter part of this prophecy of Newman's will have been fulfilled, and that in spite of all difficulties the principle of Irish self-government shall be recognized—it is for these reasons that I will vote with a light heart for the third reading of this bill (cheers).

PROGRESS OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

[To the Editor.]

Rev. Brother Meldon, of the Christian schools, St. Patrick's, Kilkenny, writes: "I am exceedingly anxious and intend to do what I can for preserving and spreading the Irish language. I hope the people will greet it at least as they would French or German; if not they would not be worthy of their country." M. Antoine, d'Abbadie, the distinguished French scientist (Membre de l'Institut), writes: "I enclose my card, because French fashion allows it to serve as an introduction. Some years ago having learned that your society existed, I asked my Irish agent for the names of persons caring for Gaelic, my letter remained unanswered. Born in Stephen's Green (North) I am a landholder in Ireland. My mother was Irish, my father Basque, and I have passed much time exploring the interior of Africa. As my last friends in Ireland, Fathers Meehan and Russell, are both gone I am forced to present myself, unaccompanied, and ask to be received in your society." Prof. Patrick McManus, Colegio Nacional Catamarca, Argentina, writes: "Removed from all immediate communication with my compatriots, I am forced to apply for information regarding books on the Irish language in order to pursue the study thereof, and to know if I can be of any help to your society." Mr. M. J. Dignan, Artists' Club, 131 Boulevard Montparnasse, Paris, writes: "Will you be good enough to let me know something about the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, as I feel very small indeed, when in speaking to foreigners I am obliged sometimes to confess ignorance of my native language." M. Leon, St. Joseph, Marseilles, writes: "Please send me the annual report of your society with a list of the publications for the preservation of the Irish language." If the same zeal was manifested by the Irish men and women of Chicago as shown by the illustrious scholars named above, our school hall, in the City Clerk's office, first floor, city hall, large as it is, would be inadequate to accommodate them. Our people should take pattern by the people of Wales and assemble at our class every Sunday until Irish Day, Sept. 30, and we will teach them to sing in the Irish language, which would prove the superior melody of the songs of Carolan and Moore.

MAURICE CREAN, Secretary Gaelic Class.

The Approaching Dinner Hour

Is fraught with no pleasant anticipations for the unhappy mortal plagued with dyspepsia. Appetite seldom, discomfort after and between meals, always is his portion. Heartburn and flatulence subsequent to eating, a gnawing at the pit of the stomach before it, are only a few among the woes arising from this truly impish complaint. Sick headache, nervousness, constipation and biliousness are its diabolical offspring. Each and all of them are annihilated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which tones the gastric organs and regulates the liver and the bowels with certainty and promptitude. Chills and fever, kidney trouble, rheumatism and neuralgia are also remedied by this medicine of rare purity and comprehensive uses. Invalids of all kinds are greatly and swiftly benefited by it.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Brenner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

On Aug. 26 a large and highly representative meeting was held in the coffee room of the Glen Arms hotel, for the purpose of starting a relief fund in aid of the relatives of the victims of the recent boating fatality on the Shannon.

IRELAND'S MINSTRELSY.

Interesting Paper on the Subject by One Well Qualified by Nature and Education to Throw Light Upon It.

How the Irish Harp Happened to Become the National Instrument of the Welsh, as Well as of Their Milesian Kindred.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

The grand old bardic order of Ireland has long since been swept away by the restless hand of time, yet the spirit of the minstrelsy, which its ollamhs bred and fostered, still lingers in the hearts for which they toiled and which their genius glorified. The influence of the white-robed minstrels is still as potent in the isle they loved as though their harps poured out the tide of melody within the stately halls of the grand old castles, or in the depths of the sacred forests they still into the youthful Druid's ear instilled their mysteries, instead of being mere memories, rising like dim shadows from the misty past.

The Irish melody of the present day is a product of the inspiration drank by us from the fountain of their genius, for not only does it possess the characteristic pathos of their school, but it is subservient to the rules of form once laid down by these ancient masters. To cast it in another mould would be to rob it of its robe of nationality. How far into the early ages of Ireland musical culture extended, we have no authentic means of ascertaining. For this information we must take the traditions of the bards who tell us that with the first princes of the Milesians, Heber and Heremon, who led a colony to Ireland about 1000 B.C., there came a third brother, Amergin, by name, who was well skilled in the arts of music and poetry. Upon landing, he assumed at once the office of *ard-fleacht*, or chief bard, and is said to have presided over the departments of law, poetry, philosophy and religion—as in the customs of the ancient Greeks, by which Orpheus, Amphion, Linus and Musæus united the characters of poet, legislator and philosopher.

In the train of Heber and Heremon were also two bards: Cíar Mac Cíis, a poet and historian, and Onna Ceannfín, a harper; both of the latter being eminent for their skill in their respective arts. Tradition also points to the existence of a third noted bard—Lugadh, the son of Íth. The poems of this minstrel are spoken of as contemporary with those of Amergin, although his coming with the Milesian colony is not mentioned by the bards.

Of the poetic compositions attributed to Amergin, there are no fewer than three extant; and in the second volume of Hardiman's *Minstrelsy* is one said to have been composed by him while coasting off the shores of Ireland before landing. There is an outline of its meaning given with it, for it was composed in the *Beurla Féní*, or Fenian dialect; the language of the learned, and known only to the latter—like the Mandarin language of the Chinese. It was to this Fenian language that the science of jurisprudence was committed. Amergin's poems are written with an interlined gloss, unintelligible to modern Irish schoolboys. The gloss itself requires much study to understand as the language is obsolete and must, in many cases, be read from bottom to top. Hardiman, in his preface to the work, says: "There still remain, after a lapse of nearly three thousand years, fragments of these ancient bards (Amergin and Lugadh Mac Íth), some of which will be found in the following pages with proofs of their authenticity."

From the coming of these bards we may date the commencement of musical culture in Ireland; with them came musical science, form and laws, so essential to the development of the divine art, which they had already brought to a high degree of excellence. Previous to their advent we may suppose that the only music to echo through the depths of the grand old forests was that of the feathered songsters who poured forth their hymns of praise as they were taught by Him who carried the matchless rose and gave the lily all its shrinking tenderness.

What characters were used by the ancient bards to denote the different notes of the scale cannot be authentically ascertained by any of our acquaintances, for, although writing on vellum was introduced into Ireland in the fifth century, there are no specimens of ancient Irish musical notation extant. That the bards had such a system, we are positive, as the annals of the ancient historians have placed the fact beyond doubt. Until the sixth century there was no method of illustrating by characters or marks the musical pitch; at this time, however, the Christian clergy invented a series of marks—modelled, doubtless, after the invention of a Jewish rabbi, who, in the fifth century, established a similar mode of correctly regulating the chanting of those venerable canticles which were traditionally handed down as accompanying the Jewish ceremonies. There were three species of these marks—namely, the grammatical, the rhetorical, and the musical. From the two former was derived that mode of punctuation used almost universally throughout the world today. The third, or musical, de-

noted the tone and inflection of the voice, and supplied a species of notation for the more correct modulations in singing the Latin hymns and psalms. The hymns and poems thus marked were denominated *subcos* or marked lines, and the accents were called by the clergy "trac-tim, punctatim, and punctatim canare." The characters were divided into two classes; the *tonal* or sounds, which indicated the pitch or tonal ascent and descent, or relative distance of the sounds of the voice, one from the other;—and the *pneumata*, or breaths, which regulated the length of the vowels and the points of rest or inspiration.

As the ancient harp was generally tuned in G, the foundation of Irish musical notation naturally began on that note, which was called *ceol*, and the character used to denote it was a perpendicular straight line; the character for a third ascending G-B was an oblique line running downwards from right to left, and called *ard-ceol*. A third downward had an oblique line running in the opposite direction and was known as *breceol*. The notes B G E going down had a curved line known as *círeol síos* and E G B ascending had a species of acute accent known as *círeol síos*. A dot under a note lowered it a tone, and one above raised it the same distance. The semitones were indicated by characters of different colors. The marks of the tonal system were placed over the lines of poetry while those denoting the rhythm were placed beneath them. Thus it will be seen that for several centuries before the monks Guido d'Arezzo invented the gamut, or Franco of Cologne the *cantus mensuralis* or time table, the ancient Irish ecclesiastics and bards were using a scientific system of musical notation, fully sufficient for all their needs and purposes. Owing to the reluctance of the bards to commit any of their arts to writing, we cannot be certain that the foregoing were the only species of characters in use among them. We find these marks mainly in the religious poems and psalms of the simpler order, and as the minstrels practiced harmony and counterpoint, a fact we may gather from ancient writers, the science must have been carried to a higher state of excellence than we have any idea of at present. Indeed, it would be folly to suppose that the learned musicians of that time would permit an art in which they strove to excel all other nations; an art, the influence of which was all-powerful in moulding the passions and the feelings of a nation; an art which was held in esteem above all others, to be left in a crude state while poetry, the sister art, was brought to a degree of perfection unequalled in any other country on the globe. The fact is not only improbable, but impossible.

The Irish system of notation was entirely distinct from that practiced on the continent later and without doubt was original with our bards, although the idea of tonal marks and pneumatics certainly came from the Jews. The historian, Walker, is of the opinion that the Irish derived their system of musical notation and contrapuntal science from the Greeks, but that assertion may be questioned as our musical historians doubt that the Greeks possessed any knowledge of harmony and counterpoint, as we know that science today.

An instance of the estimation in which the science of the Irish bards was held by other nations may be had in an extract from Powell's *History of Cambria*, which tells us that, in the twelfth century, Gruffydd Ap Conan (king of North Wales), brought over with him from Ireland divers cunning musicians into Wales, "who devised," to use the historian's own language, "in a manner, all the instrumental music that is now there used; as well by the books written of the same, as also by the names of the tunes and measures used among them to this day." This assertion of Powell is supported by the learned Selden, who says, "that their music," speaking of the Welsh, "for the most part came out of Ireland with Gruffydd Ap Conan, prince of North Wales, about King Stephen's time." It may be of interest to note that the monk Caradoc declares that the Welsh received the harp from the Irish. The musical terms of the Welsh bards are nearly all purely Irish, thus clearly denoting their origin.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

NOTICE.

Owing to the great demand for our coaches during this month, and as we have received many inquiries from the different orders of Hibernians for Sept. 30 for our mammoth coaches, for display in the parade and to take them to the World's Fair, I hereby notify all orders, societies, and private parties wanting one or more coaches, that orders for same will not be received after Sept. 23. Make it the grandest display of the year, and put ten of these mammoth six-horse coaches in parade. Address all inquiries to Columbia Coach Company, No. 14 Jackson street.

IVESDALE, ILL.

Laying the Corner Stone of St. Joseph's Church.

The corner stone of St. Joseph's church was laid with impressive ceremony on Aug. 29. Mass was celebrated as usual in the morning, after which the A. O. H. received instructions from Marshal O'Connor to march to the depot to meet Belmont and Decatur delegations at 10:30 o'clock. The Campaign, Arcola and Tolono divisions, arrived soon afterwards. The Catholic societies also fell into line, all marching to the church and hearing mass, after which dinner was served on the lawn beside the church. At 3 o'clock all the divisions of the A. O. H., as well as the other Catholic societies again fell into line, and marched through the streets, headed by Goodman's band, and followed by the visiting clergymen from various parts of the State who were in carriages. When they reached the site of the church, the ceremony was per-

formed while the Stars and Stripes and Green and Gold were kept flying and in close touch with the corner stone. The ceremony being performed, Rev. Father O'Brien, of Ivesdale, delivered an address, which was well received by those assembled, because of the ability of the speaker, and the subject chosen for the occasion. At 7 o'clock the various societies dispersed, and made for their respective homes, well pleased with the day and grateful to the generous people of Ivesdale. F. T. SLOAN.

MR. HOOLEY'S OBSEQUIES

Large Gathering of Friends and Admirers at the Chapel of the Holy Name Cathedral.

An immense throng of friends and admirers thronged the chapel of the Holy Name Cathedral on Monday morning to pay their last tribute of respect to the relics of the lamented Richard M. Hooley. The chapel was beautifully festooned with tropical plants and rare flowers—the gifts of those who loved him in life. The Rev. Father N. J. Mooney, was celebrant of the high mass of requiem, assisted by the Rev. Father J. M. Scanlon, as deacon; and the Rev. P. A. McLaughlin, as sub-deacon. The mass sung was Schmidt's requiem.

The pallbearers who bore the casket to and from the church were Eugene Field, James W. Scott, F. Willis Rice, John C. Carroll, Milward Adams, J. McDermid, and John Austin. Closely following the pallbearers came the immediate members of Mr. Hooley's family, Harry J. Powers walked with the attendant members of the family, who were Mrs. R. M. Hooley, the wife; Mrs. Grace E. Hurlburt, a daughter; and little Robert Hurlburt, the young grandson; Miss Mamie Hooley and Miss Teresa Hooley, daughters; Robert Hooley, the only son; and Mrs. Grosvenor.

The friends of Mr. Hooley who came in after the requiem procession filled every available foot of space in the chapel, and many had to be turned away on account of the limited space. All the Hooley Theatre employees attended in a body and were given seats on the left side of the main aisle.

The mass responses in the De Profundis and Dies Irae, as well as the opening services in the requiem were sung by a quartet composed of Augustus E. Dasso, tenor; Felix Langlois, basso; Mrs. Minnie Fish Griffin, soprano; and Miss Kate Coffey, alto. At the offertory Felix Langlois sang "There is a Green Hill Far Away" and Miss Kate Coffey sang the Veni Creator just before the short eulogy and sermon pronounced by Mr. Mooney.

Hardly had the notes of the Veni Creator faded away before Father Mooney, advancing to the flower-enlaid altar rail, pronounced the final words of praise over the remains. It was a short sermon that Father Mooney preached, but filled with loving words for the dead and kindly admonition to his loving friends.

Mr. Hooley's connection with the stage, he said, had been but to grace and elevate it. He had pondered to no fads with the slightest suggestion of immorality behind them, but had held up at all times a sample of morality in a theatre that was pure and simple. The plays to the production of which he lent his aid were such as any man or woman would have been better to have seen and heeded. They held no doubtful moral, but were strong and pure with a lesson in their lines that left no room for doubt.

The funeral cortege left for Calvary at noon, where the remains were interred in the family vault.

Among those present at the house and chapel were Sol Smith Russell, Manager Fred Berger, Elwyn A. Barron, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McPhelin, the attaches of Hooley's Theatre in a body, headed by Treasurer Herman Hauser and Advertising Agent J. T. McArty; Mrs. John C. Carroll, Mrs. James A. Mulligan, Mrs. F. Willis Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Messen (Marie Burroughs), of Mr. Willard's company; Augustus Cook, of the Lyceum stock company; Manager Gustav Frohman, of Charles Frohman's stock company, and the Misses Frohman, of New York city; W. S. Eden, ex-Ald. John H. Colvin, Mrs. Harvey D. Colvin, Miss Colvin, Horatio Colvin, J. K. C. Forrest, W. K. Sullivan, John F. Finerty, Judge Goggin, Judge Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Pastor, Prof. E. Timponi, Harry H. Pratt, Robert Hooley, Mr. and Mrs. Jewett Wilcox, H. E. Ballard, Geo. Irish, John Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Powers, Philip Conley, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Kane, Frank Beresford, manager of the Alhambra, Arthur Cambridge, George English, Miss Nugent, Mr. and Mrs. John J. McGrath, Mr. and Mrs. Shields, the Misses Niblock, Mr. and Mrs. A. MacLean, Miss Teresa Hooley and Will Hooley, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Joseph McDonald, Mrs. Charles F. Smith, William Smith, Mrs. Lougan, Mrs. McDermott, D. B. Hodges, Geo. W. Todd, Wm. Davis, Dr. Simon Quinlan, Louis L. Sharpe, Howard E. Laing, Harry G. Summers, Chas. B. Clayton, C. D. Hess, Mr. and Mrs. Shanb, Thomas Brennan, William Hecht, Charles H. McConnell, Harry B. Smith, Harry P. Kelly, William Gleason and many others.

The box-office of Hooley's Theatre was closed until noon and the house was absolutely deserted, every attaché having been given an opportunity to pay his last tribute to the memory of his best friend.

After Breakfast

To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for a month or two.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25c.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

R. P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN ALLIANCE OF FIRE AND TOW.

"Then each at once his fashion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard drew;
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain
As what he ne'er might see again;
Then, foot and point and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed."

A beautiful June day, similar to that on which the famous fight of Benburb was fought and won three years before, witnessed a small force of men marching towards Dundalk by the road leading to that town from Armagh. The force was Irish. It consisted of about two hundred foot and a troop of horse—in which rode Edmund O'Tracy—under the command of two of Owen Roe's officers. Dundalk was garrisoned by the Puritans under General Monk, and the Irish detachment was bound thither to the fulfilment of a treaty made between the latter and Owen Roe; for the gallant Ulster general was now in league with the hated enemies of his creed, race, and country!

In league with them, alas! but not, indeed, to the devoted patriot's dishonor, but to that of the crafty and truckling Ormondist faction in the Confederate council. For the demon of dissension had rendered the three years, which had elapsed since the day of Benburb, ones fraught with dark misfortune to the Irish cause. The siege of Dublin by Owen Roe and Preston—broken off by the duplicity of the latter; the subsequent cession of the city to the Puritans by the perfidious viceroy, Ormond; the destruction of Preston's Leinster army by the Puritan General Jones, at Dunagan Hill; the bloody massacre on the Rock of Cashel by the ferocious Inchiquin; and the defeat of the Munster army at Knocknash, by the same monster, formed a dismal chain of disasters for the national arms. Then came the fatal spirit of discord to complete the chaos of Irish misfortune. In defiance of the Papal nuncio's censures, even of his sentence of excommunication, the supreme council made a truce with Inchiquin, red-handed from the massacre of Cashel, and the latter changed sides and became a royalist. Owen Roe refused to observe the impious truce, in consequence of which he was deserted by a large part of his army; the nuncio set sail from Galway, on return to his native Italy; and now Ormond and Inchiquin, Preston, Muskerry, and Clanrickard, were all in the field against O'Neill! The latter had also to contend against the Ulster Scots, now in arms for the new king, Charles II.—for the execution of the unfortunate Charles I. in the preceding January had turned them against the English parliament.

In this desperate extremity Owen Roe conceived the *derrière* resort of an alliance with the Parliamentary party, the enemies alike of Scotch and Irish royalists. He therefore concluded a three months' treaty with Gen. Monk, now the chief officer of the parliament in Ulster (Monroe having been seized on the suspicion of being a royalist, and sent prisoner to the tower of London), viz., that perfect religious equality and the restoration of their estates should be secured to him and his followers; that they should receive from Monk twenty barrels of powder; and that they should in return aid Monk against Ormond and cut off all communication between the latter and the Scotch royalists.

So far history in as small a nutshell as possible, in order that the reader may understand the situation of affairs. Owen Roe was now encamped at Savry, near Lough-gall, in Armagh, which one of his contemporaries calls his "darling place to remain in when in Ulster;" and it was in order to obtain the stipulated powder (above mentioned) that he had dispatched the force under notice to Dundalk.

On marched the detachment until, on reaching the historic embattled hill of Castle-town, about a mile west of Dundalk, a halt was called; and the travel-wearied soldiers were allowed to leave their ranks and rest their tired limbs on the ground while their commanding officer held some parley with the parliamentarian garrison in the castle.

Edmund dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and took his seat upon a lichened rock on the rise of the hill. A splendid panorama was that which extended itself before his gaze. For a more romantic and interesting locality it were hard to find. Above him, with its strong circumvallating wall, its loop-holed curtains, and massive ivied towers, over which the parliamentarian flag was floating, arose the ancient feudal home of the Bellevues, the celebrated stronghold which in the days of Bannockburn was sacked and destroyed by the ill-fated Edward Bruce. On the hill-summit were the remains of the commanding fort

which flaunted the Raven banner in the days of Danish aggression, while a little further down the hillside stood a ruined and ivy-covered little chapel in the midst of a lonely burial-place. Below the castle a bright stream glided onwards to the sea through green meadows and stately groves. To the north and northwest lay the commanding dome of Slieve Guilford and the stately chain of the Mourne mountains; and to the east expanded the magnificent harbor and bay of Dundalk, as bright, as blue, and as beautiful as in the olden time when the Mononian fleet of Fálvy Finn shattered to pieces the Danish flotilla riding on its breast.

For some reason Edmund sat absorbed in silent admiration of the prospect. Meanwhile the commander of the detachment had entered the castle at the invitation of the officers of the garrison. He now came riding towards his men, accompanied by two or three of the English officers, also on horseback.

"Up, men, and fall in," he said; "we must use all dispatch or else we lose the powder; the foe is hovering in the neighborhood."

O'Tracy sprang to his steed and mounted. Scarce had he gained the saddle when he met the fixed gaze of one of the English officers who accompanied the commander. It instantly flashed upon him that he had met the man before, but ere he could recollect his identity the officer urged his steed towards him, laid his hand on his shoulder, and peered into his face with a look of the utmost malice and hatred.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, in a voice of passion, "do we meet again, then? Three years have I been looking for you like a bloodhound on the scent, and now—curse the infernal luck!—we meet, forsooth, as allies. You stare, base whelp—surely you've not forgotten me? I'll not forget you till my dying day. See here."

The speaker pulled off his high-peaked hat, and Edmund recognized his inveterate enemy, the traitor, Owen O'Connell, whom he had last met on the field of Benburb.

"Look, dog! see your infernal handiwork," continued O'Connell, pointing to a long scar which traversed his scalp from the temple backwards; "my faith, you gave as good as you got; but I've not yet cried quits with you; neither has another acquaintance of yours whom you shall meet perchance in yonder town. So beware, my gay rebel—the world is not wide enough for you and me."

"Scoundrel, I defy your worst," ex-O'Tracy.

O'Connell spoke no further, but dashed off at full speed on the road to Dundalk, turning round to shake his clenched fist as he galloped away.

"Hollo! what bodes all this? Whence is this quarrel, Capt. O'Tracy?"

The inquiry came from the commander of the Irish detachment. This was Owen Roe's lieutenant-colonel, Philip Mac Tool O'Neill, an officer who had defeated Preston and raised the siege of Athy in the preceding year—a splendid specimen of a fighting Ulsterman, stout, hardy, and fearless.

"Well," he repeated, "what devil's brawl is this? Who is that fellow?"

"Merely a private matter, colonel," responded Edmund; "but I marvel you know not yonder man. Of course you have heard of the traitor of the Feast of St. John Capistrano, the informer Owen O'Connell?"

"M'anam-an-diaoul, is that the viper? I have never known him personally, but I have often and often cursed him heartily, and I curse him still for a black-hearted villain. That I may live to see his treachery requited, I pray to my holy tutelary, the saint you have named."

For the reader's information, it may be remarked that, on the 23d of October, the day chosen for the Irish rising of 1641, occurs the feast of St. John Capistrano, whom, on account of the coincidence, many of the Irish chose as their tutelary saint. St. John was a holy and patriotic Franciscan, who, crucifix in hand, marched with the army of Corvin against the Turks when the latter were defeated on the Danube, A.D. 1456; hence his fitness as a patron in a religious war. *Mais en revanche*.

"You need not wonder at the stam pede of Col. O'Connell," said one of the English officers, riding up to O'Neill's side at this moment;—"it's only an impetuous way of his—though, forsooth, a not too courteous one. Remember, he is an Irishman."

"Ay, to my burning shame, I remember it," muttered the Ulster colonel, with an imprecation of wrath. "Tell me," he said, suddenly turning to an Englishman; "how goes the siege of Drogheda?"

Have the casquetts of Murrough the Burner been seen in your neighborhood as yet?"

"Our flag still flies over Tredagh, and I wot our six hundred brave hearts behind its walls will keep Inchiquin's cavaliers right busily engaged for some time to come."

"Amen to that, friend Sassenach, with all my heart."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Columille Ro Chan.

[AIR LEANANNAH.]

Mac Dá bhí, ón, mac Dá bhí:
Is é rom chuir-sí co-b-í:
Sé thug denua, mór an ath,
Ará Róimh na n-aill-threach!

Ará grian, ón, Ará grian!
Mo ché loighes innti shiar;
Innti bhéith fo n-a-b-íir ghloin,
Is fó díir Phóil acas Phedair!

Ará grian, ón, Ará grian!
Mo ché loighes innti shiar,
Innti bhéith fa ghuth a cluig,
Do neach is bhéith a focheul!

Ará grian, ón, Ará grian!
Mo ché loighes innti shiar;
Gach nea téid fo n-a-b-íir ghloin,
Nocha b-íir-faoinn aill diabhail!

Ará naímh, ón, Ará naímh!
Maing is bithbhuil dhl mar ain;
Go tugar dó tar a chenn,
Gairid saeighil is ifrin!

Ará naímh, ón, Ará naímh!
Maing is bithbhuil dhl mar ain;
Téid as clann agus a crodh,
Béid féin thall ar droch chur!

Ará naímh, ón, Ará naímh!
Maing is bithbhuil dhl mar ain;
Is go d-tigid ainig do nimh,
Dá d-íir gach sen lá is t-eachmhain!

Tig Gabrial gach Dómhnaich,
Uair is é Críost ro d'ordaigh;
Caeas ainig, ní fáth fann,
Ag bannachadh a b-aill-threacha.

[LE BREITH LEANTA.]

Columille Sang.

ST. COLUMILLE'S PARVIEL TO ARHAN ON SETTING OUT FOR IONA OR L.

The literal translation of this poem is given for the benefit of students. There are several English metrical translations, the best known being that by Aubrey De Vere:

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Son of the living God,—O! Son of the living God;
It is He sent me to fly:
It was He gave, great the benefit,
Ará as the habitation of penitents!

Arran, thou Sun,—O! Arran, thou Sun,
My affection is buried in her westward;
Alike to be under her earth pure,
As under earth of Paul and of Peter!

Arran, thou Sun,—O! Arran, thou Sun,
My love lies in it west,
If within sound of its bell,
Alike is it for any one as to be in happiness.

Arran, thou Sun, O! Arran, thou Sun,
My love is buried in it west;
Each who goes under her earth pure,
Him sees not eye of Devil.

O! Arran blessed, O! Arran blessed,
Woe to him who is inimical to it also;
For to him is given for it,
Shortness of life and hell.

O! Arran blessed, O! Arran blessed,
Woe to those who are inimical to it also;
Their children and their cattle waste,
They themselves at the other side will be in bad condition.

O! Arran blessed, O! Arran blessed,
Woe to him at once who is her enemy;
And that angels come from on high
To visit it every day in the week.

Gabriel on every Sunday comes,
For it is Christ so ordered;
Fifty angels—not weak the cause—
Sanctifying her masses.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props. Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Three Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to all of the best farming sections in the West and Northwest, will be run on Aug. 22, Sept. 12 and Oct. 10. Return tickets good for twenty days. Low rates. Apply for further information to nearest ticket agent, or address George H. Headford, G.P.A., Chicago.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis). They know nothing, beyond hearsay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 307 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

VASSAR'S MATHEMATICS.

One of Its Graduates Taught That Eight Gills Make a Pint.

She was a Vassar girl, and she had come to visit her sister. The sister just at this time is paying particular attention to a very small girl who will call the Vassar young woman auntie when she gets so she can talk. Besides the three mentioned females there were in the family a husband (who didn't count for much at this juncture) and a hired girl who was empress of all she surveyed.

One morning the hired girl thought it was just about time for her to visit the World's fair. Accordingly she packed her trunk and walked out, first putting a large baking of bread and two cakes in the oven. Two or three hours later the Vassar girl strolled out into the kitchen for something or other and discovered the bread and cakes burned to a crisp. Then she said several things in Greek and instituted a search for the empress. But the empress was no more. The family consultation which followed brought out the fact that the husband was obliged to eat once a day at least, and the Vassar girl boldly threw herself into the breach and declared that she would cook.

She pushed back the bangs from her classic brow, rolled up the sleeves of her empire gown and began to cook. Things ran smoothly until it came time to make the coffee. Now, it so happens that the husband is a crank about his coffee. He likes it strong. The Vassar girl knew this, and she went in to her sister and asked for instructions. The sister gave the instructions very minutely. There were a certain number of gills of water to be used and a certain number of tablespoonfuls of coffee. Dinner time came, and when the coffee was poured out it was found to be that pale, old gold color so much affected by the coffee of boarding houses. Not a word was said, but at the next meal the Vassar girl was nervous. Coffee was poured out, and it was very, very blond.

"Say," said the husband, who still continued to count for but very little, "what's the matter with this coffee?" "I'm sure I don't know," said the Vassar girl. "I made it just as I was told to."

The coffee was paler than ever at the next meal. The husband ventured to kick, but was promptly squelched. At the next meal it was so weak that the flavor could not be smelled, to say nothing of being tasted. The Vassar girl was low in her mind, but she still maintained a bold front. "I'm following your wife's recipe," she said chidingly to the husband. "I don't know that it's my fault that it isn't strong."

Dinner time came around and with it the coffee, which was but a ghost of what coffee should be. The husband looked at that which had been poured out for him and remarked, "Sure you make this stuff right, sis?"

"Certainly," replied the Vassar girl. "Don't you suppose I know enough to follow simple directions?"

"Dunno," said the husband. "What do you mean?" asked the Vassar girl, with fine indignation.

"Oh, nothing," replied the husband pacifically, "only it's blamed funny." The Vassar girl looked unutterably things, and the meal proceeded in silence. Finally the husband broke out, "Say, sis, do you use that gill cup in measuring the water?"

"Yes," replied the Vassar girl shortly.

"Well, how many gills are there in a pint down at Vassar?"

"Is this a kindergarten?" asked the Vassar girl.

"No, but I just thought I would ask you."

The Vassar girl smiled a smile of infinite scorn. "At Vassar, just as everywhere else," she said loftily, "there are eight gills in a pint."

And the husband was brute enough to laugh.—Buffalo Express.

The Original Wedding Cake.

Our wedding cake is the remains of a custom whereby a Roman bride held in her left hand three wheat ears, and many centuries later an English bride wore on her head a chaplet of wheat. The attendant girls threw corn, either in grains or in small bits of biscuit or cake, upon the heads of the newly married couple, and the guests picked up the pieces and ate them. Such was the beginning of the wedding cake, which did not come into general use until the eighteenth century and was then composed of solid blocks, laid together and iced all over with sugar, so that when the outer crust was broken over the bride's head the cakes inside fell on the floor, and they were then distributed among the company.—New York Sun.

The Bull Was Scared.

An amusing incident is said to have occurred recently when one of the Armours, the great beef and pork packers of Chicago, was traveling in Spain. He was taken by a grandee of Madrid to see the national sport. When the bull came in, he sank on his knees and refused to move. Then the director called the torreador and inquired the cause of the trouble, to which the torreador replied, "Ah! señor, ze bull 'ave seen ze great Armour of Chicago sitting with your excellency, and zere is no fight left in him."—London Tit-Bits.

Graduations of Color.

A very stylish young lady, taken unaware, sent Battista, her manservant, to buy her a pair of gloves with all dispatch.

"Let them give you a pair of flesh colored ones."

Battista returned with a pair of dark brown gloves.

"Did I not tell you to bring a flesh colored pair?"

"Well," said Battista, holding out his hands.—Illustrazione Popolare.

No Comparisons.

"Women are cats," snapped Jarley viciously.

"Nonsense," said Dawson. "Did you ever see a woman trying to climb a fence?"—Brooklyn Life.

How Snakes Are Handled.

Standing in front of a great glass cage full of snakes, I said to Mr. Hagenbeck: "Now, how do you manage to get hold of these reptiles? They must be very dangerous."

"Ah!" he replied with a thoughtful look. "I'll tell you later on one or two stories of dreadful adventures that I myself have had with snakes. In the meantime this is the way they are caught in India:

"In the dry season the jungle is set on fire. As the snakes run out in all directions they are caught by the natives with long sticks having a hoop at the end, to which is attached a big bag, a sort of exaggerated butterfly net. After that the reptiles are packed in sacks made of matting, which are fastened to long bamboos and carried to Calcutta on the shoulders of the natives.

"When Calcutta is reached, they are packed in big boxes, from 12 to 16 in a box—that is, when they are only 8 or 10 feet long; big snakes, from 14 to 16 feet in length, are only packed from two to three in a box. They are then sent direct to Europe, without food or water on the journey, for they require neither. The principal thing is to keep them warm. Cold gives them mouth disease, which is certain death.

"I remember once," continued Mr. Hagenbeck, "that I had 162 snakes reach London in perfect condition; a violent snowstorm then came on, and when the boxes were opened in Hamburg every snake was dead."—McClure's Magazine.

Living In the Cities.

The increase of cities is a certain tendency of our age and is not confined to England, where frantic manufacturing ambition and feudal institutions in the country stimulate that tendency to the utmost. But there is a tendency no less earnest at work—the improvement of cities. The present generation has seen an enormous advance toward the true municipalization of great towns. Municipal patriotism, art, beauty, health, relaxation, are at least ideals and possibilities.

There are even now great towns which are well on the road to become worthy abodes of civilized man. Edinburgh, Nottingham, Halifax, Huddersfield, Oxford, are putting their houses in order and may one day be fit to be called the home of cultured citizens. Mr. William Morris is wrong in dreaming that we are all going to live in the country. Half of us, I trust, will. But the other half will live in reasonable, moderate, healthy, fair and highly organized towns.

Our task is to make our towns wholesome, beautiful, pleasant and convenient. It is a tremendous task, but it is not beyond the resources of civilization in the twentieth century.—Frederick Harrison in Fortnightly Review.

No Felt Embarrassed.

A Detroitter who was in Cincinnati last week was at one of the railroad depots one afternoon and met a man whom he used to know in Albany 15 years ago. After handshaking and talking for a few minutes the Albany man remarked:

"Come and be introduced to my wife. That's she over there."

"What! Is that—that lady your wife?" stammered the Detroitter.

"Why, certainly—come along."

"But—but—"

"Why, man, what ails you? Don't you want to meet my wife?"

"Yes, of course. That is—please excuse me. I'd rather not meet her—not today."

"Say!" said the other as he stood back and looked the Detroitter over for a minute, "my wife was a divorced woman when I married her."

"Was—was she?"

"And I'll bet \$100 you were her first husband! Yes, I'm sure of it! Out with it, old boy!"

"Well, I was."

"And naturally enough you felt a bit embarrassed and don't care to be introduced. I see how it is and won't urge you. Let's go outdoors and smoke."—Detroit Free Press.

The Power of Beecher's Tongue.

What would Henry Ward Beecher have been without his tongue? Royal was he, from the superb eminence of his domelike head to the very heel that pressed the ground. His nature was surcharged with goodness, with kindness, with benevolence, and it sought an outlet. From his inspired tongue rolled magnificent sentences for the comfort and the healing of a distressed nation, an outraged people. Thought of tenderness toward people in bereavement, in trouble and in worry found express there. Scorn lightning flashed across his tongue when with indignation he scourged the scoundrels from the temple of justice and brought national offenders to the bar of an inflamed and distorted people. See him standing in the presence of 10,000 yelling, shouting, screaming Britons, hundreds of them paid to interrupt and destroy his speech. How like oil upon the troubled waters did his good natured, well timed words calm the turbulence and win the malice, so that at the end hisses and catcalls were transformed into cheers of encouragement and congratulation.—Howard in New York Recorder.

Strange Fondness For a Cook.

An Italian prince who had a Sicilian cook was once traveling to his provincial estates, taking with him his cook, together with his entire kitchen force, without which, so fond was he of the delicacies they were wont to prepare, he rarely if ever traveled. At a point where the narrow path along the precipice turned the angle of a projecting rock the prince, at the head of his long cavalcade, heard a shriek and the splash of a body falling into the torrent far below. With a face white with horror he pulled up, and looking back exclaimed: "The cook! The cook! Oh, do not tell me it is the cook!" "No, your excellency," cried a voice from the rear, "it is Don Prodoosmo." The prince heard a sigh of intense relief, then said: "Ah, only the chaplain! Thank goodness!"—Troy Times.

Are Animals Ever "Bored?"

Surely mankind has sufficient faults and failings of its own to answer for without being called upon to assume the responsibility of animal failings as well. An American author has discovered that domestic animals, such as cats or dogs, are not only subject to ennui, but also display their feelings under that infliction after very much the same fashion as their human friends, a fact which no one who has kept tame animals will be tempted to deny.

But from this fact our contemporary, The News, leaps to a perfectly unwarrantable conclusion and boldly asserts that ours is the fault, that mankind has inoculated the beast creation with its own particular disease and that it is civilization "which produces ennui, not only in men, women and children, but even in cats and dogs." "We may well blush," it continues, "when we think how man has demoralized the dog. We have taught the dog to be bored. We have corrupted him by our society." And again, "Ennui is one of man's many inventions, but he has taught the unprofitable vice to the domestic or at least to the household animals—puppies only too apt in evil."

Was ever so monstrous a charge leveled against our innocence! The next thing we shall be told is that we are the cause that dogs do bark and bite and that whatever may have been the morality of Dr. Watts his natural history is no better than his poetry. The News, if it is so assured of the demoralizing influence it has exercised upon dogs, is welcome to blush for itself. We prefer to maintain that dogs sorrow under boredom for the same simple reason that they delight to bark and bite, "for 'tis their nature to."—London Spectator.

Tenement and Apartment.

The distinction between an apartment house and a tenement house is somewhat hazy until the etymology of the two words is considered. "Tenement" is derived from the Latin verb "tenere" (to hold) and is the name properly given to a building that is designed to hold or to give shelter to the largest possible number of persons at the least possible cost to each individual tenant. "Apartment," however, is an Anglicized derivation of another Latin verb, "parsere" (to divide), and with equal propriety is applied to a dwelling house, of which the structural and social intent is to separate family from family and to gratify the desire for privacy that every household naturally feels, at the same time reducing the expense of that gratification to a low estimate that is practically only through co-operation in the fixed charges of domestic management. Economy, therefore, is the purpose of the tenement—comfort, that of the apartment.—Cosmopolitan.

Only Healthy Persons Sneeze.

This is a point alluded to by Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson. He does not recollect himself to have seen any but fairly healthy persons sneeze. He puts the question with especial reference to the widely spread popular superstition that sneezing is a sign of health and good luck. It is possible, he thinks, that this may have had its origin in the fact that it is for the most part an act restricted to those in fair health. Taylor in his "Primitive Culture" gives interesting facts as to the prevalence of this creed and as to certain customs associated with it and traces it in part to doctrines of animism, but Mr. Hutchinson thinks the suggestion he has given may also have some value.—Sheffield Medical Journal.

Rudolph Kauth, aged 15, was drowned in Portage Lake, Mich., while in bathing. He could not swim and got beyond his depth.

Henry White attempted to board a train at Cedar Rapids, Ia. Both legs were cut off at the hips and he will die.

F. H. Kleesamp, a Fort Wayne attorney, arrested for impersonating a United States marshal, has been released.

John Gebhard, the Dayton, Ohio, forger, who escaped from the Columbus penitentiary recently, has been captured by farmers to whom he applied for lodging.

France was very much disturbed by strikes last year. An official return shows that in twelve months there were nearly three hundred trade disputes, affecting 108,000 workmen.

Collections for the benefit of the sufferers by the great storm were taken up in all the Charleston churches.

ON THE OUTSIDE—

that is the best place to keep the lungs, cold-fashionsed pill. Just as soon as you get it inside, it begins to trouble you. What's the use of suffering with it, when you can get more help from Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets?

These tiny, sugar-coated granules do you permanent good. They act mildly and naturally, and are cured.

ON COMMON GROUND

They Love Their God and Their Fellowmen.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION MEETS.

Christian, Jew, Brahmin, Buddhist, With Other Shades of Theology Gather in a Most Notable Conference—Representative Men from All Over the World Assembled to Find Out Where They Agree—Preliminary Addresses—World's Fair Notes.

CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—A procession in which the religions of the world were represented, the opening of the World's Parliament of Religions at the Art Institute. It was a procession that had a world of meaning in it; one that would have been impossible not many years ago. Jew, Brahmin, Buddhist, and Roman Catholic with Protestant. The religious beliefs of India, of China and of Japan were represented, as well as those of the English-speaking nations. All attired in their priestly robes and wearing the insignia of their office marched in peace and fellowship to the platform, while the audience rose and cheered at the sight. First came Cardinal Gibbons, escorted by President Bonney. Then came Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Charles Hennrich, representing the board of lady managers.

Some Elements of the Procession.

There were following in the procession 29 archbishops of Rome, Greece; a Methodist minister from Chicago; a Roman Catholic archbishop of Chicago; several Lutherans from Germany and Sweden; two or three East Indian Brahmins and Buddhists; a Chicago Presbyterian clergyman; a Chinese Buddhist; a Chicago Israelite; a couple of Bombay theologians, and, in fact, the most heterogeneous line of religionists ever seen since the world began. As this remarkable parade reached the hall the audience rose and joined in singing "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," a hymn that, as it acknowledged the Christian doctrines of the Trinity, was hardly appropriate in such a gathering.

The Prayer of All Who Believe in God.

The next thing on the programme was more universal than the hymn. Cardinal Gibbons led the heterodox gathering in prayer, and the petition he put up was "Lord's Prayer," and there was not one of those present who could not, whether he did or no, join in the prayer. For the Mohammedan, the Buddhist, the Brahmin, all of whom were present, believe in a supreme being. The scene was a novel one; for many of the visitors from the Orient were clad in their native costumes, the priests in some instances in their robes of office. There was not a vacant seat in the hall and many were standing against the walls and in other places where a view of the platform could be had.

The Versatile President Bonney.

There is one man connected with these World's fair congresses who has hardly had the credit that he deserves, and that is President Bonney. Being the head of these gatherings to this gentleman has fallen the duty of welcoming the various bodies which have met under the auspices of the World's Auxiliary. He has had to speak to woman suffragists, spiritualists, civil engineers, social reformers of all kinds, and in fact to the believers in or agitators of everything that is current in the world of progress. And he has shown a versatility of speech that has enabled him to speak to them all in such a manner as to tell them "what they were there for" without making a single mistake. Every one of his brief addresses has been felicitous and just what the occasion called for.

How He Talked to Heterodoxy.

In addressing this congress—probably the one in addressing which it was the easiest to say something that would rankle—he was especially happy. He said in brief that they should all give thanks for being able to take part in so grand a congress, one that so fully exemplified peace and progress, and which would have so great an influence on the world. After reviewing the programme of the congress, he welcomed all in the name of the brotherhood of religion.

Rev. John Henry Burrows, chairman of the committee on organization, then addressed the congress. He said that never before had such a congress been undertaken, and not long ago it would have been deemed impossible to carry it to successful completion.

ROMAN CATHOLIC WELCOME.

Archbishop Feehan followed, welcoming the delegates on behalf of the Roman Catholic church. He said that the assembly was one unique in the history of the world. Learned men had come from all countries to speak and to tell us of those things that were of the greatest interest to all of God, of his truth and justice, of his worship, of peace, and of mercy. No matter how we might differ in religion there was one thing that was common to us all, and that was our common humanity. The archbishop welcomed the delegates in his own name and in all that he represented.

Cardinal Gibbons had to leave early, so his response to the addresses of welcome was called for out of his order. He said that though all did not agree on matters of faith, there was one platform on which all were united, that was charity, humanity and benevolence. He spoke of the Good Samaritan who bound up the wounds of a man who was his enemy in religion and in social life, and said that that was the example we ought to follow. He said that he could not impress too strongly on every one that each was his brother's keeper. "That was the whole theory of humanity. If Christ had cried with Cain, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' we would still be walking in darkness."

Rev. Augustus J. Chapin welcomed the congress on behalf of woman. The parliament of religions, she said, was the grandest and most significant gathering that had ever been assembled on this earth. President Higinbotham, of the Columbian exposition, next welcomed the delegates on behalf of the World's fair. He said it was a source of great satisfaction that a new city in a far part of the world should be accorded the honor of these congresses. They were the greatest honor of the World's fair year.

Rev. Alexander McKenzie, the next speaker, said that he supposed that every one who spoke stood for something and he stood for the old settlers, the Puritans. There was one thing that we could show

the foreigners that could be seen nowhere else in the world, and that was a republic that was in the process of making by Christian forces. There was a religious motive in the founding of it, and it was that, he thought, that made it proper to speak of it at this time. The parliament of religions, he said, was really begun on Plymouth rock and had been growing in importance ever since until now every religion on earth was represented in the country.

The speaker on the programme was greeted with such applause as was Pung Quang Yu, secretary of the Chinese legation at Washington. In introducing him Mr. Bonney spoke of the treatment that some of his countrymen had received in this country, but in spite of which the emperor of China had sent a delegate in a Christian spirit to this congress. Nearly half of the people in the hall rose and cheered and waved their handkerchiefs as the delegate advanced to the front of the platform.

Prince Wolkowsky, of Russia, followed with a tribute to the congresses. He spoke of a Roman Catholic prelate addressing the Jews and said that it was a magnificent scene that could be seen only in this age.

Other addresses were made during the day by Rt. Rev. Renche Shibata, of Japan; Rev. Dr. Burrows of this city; Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand; H. Dharmapala, of India; V. A. Shandi, of Bombay; a "Jainist," Minna Scherez, an American editor; Professor Chakravarti, Theosophist, of India; Miss Jeanne Sarabi, of Bombay; and Bishop Arnett. All the addresses were of the same tenor as those the point of which was given.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS.

Kansas, the Silver Men, Colorado and Maryland at the Park.

CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—There was a slight falling off in attendance at the fair yesterday from that of a week before, the total paid admissions reaching 100,016, more than 1,000 less than Sept. 4. But the attractions of the week should succeed in more than rivaling in admissions those of last week. Kansas has this whole week for her celebration, but did only preliminary work yesterday.

Silver day was duly inaugurated yesterday at Music hall at Jackson park, and was a success, and the day will be long remembered as one of the most pleasing incidents of the great exposition. Rev. Dr. Prince, of New Mexico, who delivered the opening address, touched but gingerly on the financial problem, with which the name of the white metal is so inseparably connected. He alluded, indeed, more to the position it assumed in the industrial arts, and warmly welcomed the delegates present in a speech which was a singularly happy diplomatic effort. He was followed by A. J. Warner, of Washington; C. S. Dougherty, of Texas; Charles S. Thomas, of Colorado; Governor Waite, and several other silver men.

Today Colorado is celebrating and it is Army of the Tennessee day. The formal exercises in the Kansas building took place, and Governor Jewell responded to the welcoming address. This afternoon there is a concert by the Modoc club. A. the Colorado celebration Governor Waite made a speech. Governor Brown, of Maryland, was the lion of Maryland day, the formal exercises being held at Music hall this afternoon.

At noon the final ceremony of turning over to the World's fair directors the Columbus caravels began. Captain Concas will make the speech transferring the vessels and Captain Barry, of Michigan, receive them in behalf of President Palmer. Then the Spanish officers will be entertained at lunch and escorted to the train that takes them to New York.

Hereafter press passes to the fair will be issued only to those adjudged entitled to them by President Higinbotham, President Palmer and Director General Davis. Complimentary passes will only go to official personages or very prominent civilians, and this matter is left to the same gentleman.

Among the officers who are present at the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee are General Dodd, Chelem, Duett, Hickman, Force, Wolcott, and McArthur. Michigan day tomorrow and Thursday promises to be a great success. People from that state are already arriving by thousands.

High grade athletes of every description are pouring into the city from abroad to participate in the championships of the Amateur Athletic Union to be held at the South side base ball park Thursday.

The national commission has adjourned to Oct. 4.

Look Out for a Big Contest.

ATLANTA, Sept. 12.—George Washington Tye, one of the richest planters in north east Georgia, has left his fortune of \$500,000 to a family of faithful negroes who attended him for many years. Tye was a bachelor, 84 years of age. He owned 10,000 acres of cotton lands and lived like a feudal baron. He had no white servant or employe on his home place and not a relative resided with him. The negro servants were deeply attached to him and were very faithful.

Fairbault Plan Abandoned.

FAIRBULT, Minn., Sept. 12.—The so-called Fairbault plan is now a thing of the past. H. F. Kestler, a member of the school board, explains that the Roman Catholics insisted on having all Roman Catholics for teachers in the parochial building, and the board decided to have but two Roman Catholic teachers there, so the contract for the use of the building is cancelled and no public school will be held in that building this year.

How France Gets Even With Germany.

PARIS, Sept. 12.—The Russian Grand Duke Alexis, brother of the czar, was awaited by a crowd outside a Russian church where he was worshipping. When he appeared at the door after the service he was cheered wildly by men and women. Handkerchiefs and hats were waved, and shouts of "Long live the czar" and a party of men near the door sang the Russian national hymn.

International Brewers' Congress.

CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—North Side Turner hall is thronged with members of the National Brewers' Congress, whose deliberations will continue uninterrupted during business hours, until the 14th inst. This meeting is of considerable importance, as after the adjournment of the National Brewers' association steps will be taken to form an international association.

Scores on the Ball Field.

CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—League clubs report the following base ball scores: At Chicago—Boston 11, Chicago 4; at Baltimore—Pittsburgh 4, Baltimore 12; at Cleveland—New York 6, Cleveland 3; at Cincinnati—Philadelphia 6, Cincinnati 3; at St. Louis—Brooklyn 1, St. Louis 2.

TWELVE WERE KILLED.

FRIGHTFUL COLLISION ON THE PANHANDLE ROAD.

More Than An Hour Elapsed Before the First of the Maimed and Bleeding Survivors Could Be Rescued from the Wrecked Cars and Given Medical Attention—The Scene of the Collision About Thirteen Miles from Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7.—A head-on collision between a milk train of the Chicago, Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railway and an east-bound passenger train on the Panhandle or Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railway killed twelve persons and injured as many more. The collision occurred in the "Y" running from the main line, just south of Colehour to East Hammond, Ind., at the point of a curve and in a sparsely settled locality, about thirteen miles from Chicago. The baggage car of the east-bound passenger train was ground into pieces and from this most of the killed and injured were taken. The removal of the scene of the wreck from immediate police and surgical aid made the accident a most distressing one, and it was more than an hour before the first of those rescued maimed and bleeding could be carried to houses in Colehour and South Chicago for treatment. Physicians were summoned from the latter place and engines were hastily prepared and rushed to the scene of the wreck.

Correct List of Dead.

J. D. Adams, Fairfield, Ill., killed outright; Chester E. Coffin, Carthage, Ill., killed outright; F. D. Fleming, Fairfield, Ill., killed outright; Paul Helms, saloon-keeper, Vincennes, Ind., died soon after being taken from wreck; Julius Haensch, 1139 George street, 16 years old, employe at Chicago Opera House, killed outright; William Richardson, Nashville, Tenn., killed outright; E. M. Rigney, 1297 West Polk street, Chicago, traveling freight agent Wisconsin Central railway, killed outright; William S. Shoeninger, New Albany, Ind., died when taken from the wreck; Anson S. Temple, 2941 Groveland avenue, manager Schiller theatre, killed outright; unknown man, supposed to be a tramp, killed while stealing a ride; Michael Voll, Louisville, Ky., died at Loyal hall.

The List of Injured.

William Billings, Clyde, Ill., lower limbs and right arm crushed and internal injuries; William Brewer, Logansport, Ind., baggage man, Panhandle, left leg broke and general contusions; John Beise, Logansport, Ind., messenger Adams express, internal injuries, head cut and legs bruised; Joseph Ebenhorst, Camden, O., badly hurt about chest; Henry Hageneyer, Freehillsville, Ind., left foot crushed, cut and bruised; William Hill, Carthage, Ind., internal injuries and general contusions; Henry Klein, Purcell Station, Ind., chest crushed, left arm jammed; Charles Light, Freehillsville, Ind., head crushed and leg bruised; Casper Myer, Logansport, Ind., lower jaw broken, nose smashed, and back injured; Herman Richter, Edwardsport, Ind., internal injuries; William Richter, Edwardsport, Ind., head crushed; Claude Surber, Gosport, Ind., fracture of left leg and bruises; Wilson A. Turner, colored, Ogden Avenue and Madison street, Chicago, cigar dealer, arm broken, internal injuries and head cut; Joseph Voll, 1623 Jackson street, Louisville, both legs broken, head bruised and cut.

Work of Rescue and Relief.

The region about the "Y" near Colehour is very sparsely settled and but little assistance could be depended upon from that quarter. However, the South Chicago police hurried around town with their patrol wagons and gathered up a number of surgeons. These were speedily started for the scene of the accident. Mrs. Roby, who lives at One Hundred and Eighth street, was one of the first of the residents of the vicinity to arrive at the wreck. She begged that the injured be carried to her home, where the surgeons would have facilities for taking care of the bruised and crushed.

Met on the "Y".

The trains met on the "Y" track "Y" at a spot where there is a heavy curve, and despite this the momentum at the time was sufficient to fairly pulverize the iron wheels of the front cars and the locomotives. The boiler heads were indented and torn as if they had only been sheet tin. The time the engines locked wheels, fairly sizzled down into the debris of the wreck, and many who were not killed outright by the grinding timbers and ironwork were screeched with pain as their flesh was cooked by the superheated steam. Men rushed into the pile as far as they could and worked like heroes to rescue the imprisoned, but it was a task that struck terror to the hearts of the most daring of the rescuers.

Bodies Horribly Mutilated.

The smoker of the passenger was wrecked almost as badly as the baggage car. Every time a portion of the debris was removed it seemed as if another body would be exposed to view. The most horrible sight was the mass of human remains dashed against the tender of the Pan Handle locomotive. It had once been a man. Some said it was a tramp and that he had been stealing a ride on the "blind baggage" platform.

Horrible Method of Suicide.

Emil, Pa., Sept. 11.—Edward Knobloch, partner of the E. Knobloch & Bros. F's company, committed suicide in a horrible manner. He first cut his throat with a jackknife and then with a desk knife. The unfortunate man thought this was not sufficient to send him to eternity and he picked up a jagged piece of lath and tore the wound open in a shocking manner. He died before medical assistance could be rendered. Knobloch underwent treatment for alcoholism at Lakewood, N. Y., and since then has been despondent.

Negro Murderer Executed.

CAMDEN, Ark., Sept. 11.—Bill Smith, the negro who murdered Farmer Pierce in this county last fall and who was by the governor twice respited, paid the penalty of his deed on the scaffold. Sheriff Hamilton doing the work. Smith made a full confession on the scaffold, implicating his son-in-law, Isam Turner, and a woman named Halsey Carr. He died within three minutes after the trap fell.

Will Get Himself Dashed.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 11.—A dispatch from Chattanooga says that Judge Moon, aggravated perhaps by newspaper criticism on his recent sensational charge to the grand jury concerning the gambling evil, called the grand jury back and told it emphatically that progressive courts were gambling and urged the indictment of all persons found playing the game.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

American Exhibitors Celebrate in the Manufactures Building.

CHICAGO, Sept. 11.—The Associated American exhibitors celebrated the opening of the fair great stairways from Columbia aisle to the promenade roof of Manufactures and Liberal Arts building, which has been closed to the public by order of the council on account of the danger scare after the cold storage fire. The exhibitors' band was stationed in the gallery of Liberal Arts which will be greatly benefited by the opening of the stairways. The desire of visitors to view the White city and surrounding country from a great altitude was shown by the rush for the promenade. The elevators will be used only to take the people to the roof and they will walk down.

Preceded by the officers and Regimental band, the Third regiment of Ohio National guards paraded through the park in the morning in heavy marching order. They were much admired for their soldierly bearing and the precision of their movements in front of the Terminal station.

Kansas began its week's celebration and the state building was crowded with people. It was estimated that over 3,000 Kansans are already on the ground. The main body came into Chicago later with Governor Lillevell, his staff, state officers, the militia band of music and choral clubs, all intent on making a big boom for their state as well as enjoying themselves. The Kansas Columbia chorus of singers from all parts of the state were in the party. They have been training for two years for this event. The Modoc club of Kansas gave a concert in the afternoon.

NEW BABY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Mrs. Cleveland Presents the President with Another Daughter.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—The birth of a baby in the White House was of course an event in which more than usual interest was felt. In an incredibly short space of time the news was known in congress and was spread through all the departments. The imminence of the important event was made known early in the day by the issue of an order countermanding the usual Saturday concert of the Marine band in the White House grounds. Dr. Bryant, who accompanied the president and Mrs. Cleveland back from Gray Gables, and took up his quarters in the White House, was the attending physician. The latest information obtainable is that Mrs. Cleveland and her latest daughter were both doing well.

The baby is a bright-eyed, healthy looking young lady. She has not yet been weighed, but is said to be of good size. This is the first child born to a president in the White House, though there have been other births in the executive mansion.

EMIN PASHA'S DEATH CONFIRMED.

He Was Beheaded and His Flesh Devoured by the Savages.

LONDON, Sept. 11.—The Standard publishes further letters from an officer connected with the Victoria Nyanza expedition. The letters confirm the story of the killing of Emin Pasha, and say that the murder occurred near Lualaba river about Feb. 30. Emin Pasha at the time was accompanied by a small tribe of natives and was proceeding in the direction of Stanley lake. The Europeans and their native allies engaged Feb. 26 in a tremendous battle with the natives.

Emin Pasha appeared in front of his force and was at once recognized by Saidie, the commander of the native tribesmen and a relative of Tippoo Tib, who was acting under orders from Moharra, Tippoo Tib's brother. Saidie rushed at Emin Pasha and cut off his head with a bent knife. Saidie, who is a desperate fighting man, afterward took part in the massacre of Emin Pasha's force, and later partook heartily of the roasted remains of the victims.

Funeral of Hamilton Fish.

GARHSSON, N. Y., Sept. 11.—The funeral of the late Hamilton Fish took place here, Bishop Potter reading the burial services and all that was mortal of the great statesman was laid to rest in the cemetery of St. Paul's church of the Highlands. This beautiful and historic cemetery also contains the remains of Mr. Fish's associate in President Grant's cabinet, the Hon. Edward Pierpont. Among the notable attendants at the funeral were Mrs. U. S. Grant, Colonel Fred Grant and Mrs. Sartoris. There was also a delegation of army officers from West Point and many distinguished friends, who came from New York in a special train.

Conventions of Boards of Trade.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 12.—The convention of boards of trade of the country which met here today and will continue probably during four days may not unreasonably be expected to result in the establishment in Washington of a board of trade headquarters that can be in constant touch with congressional legislation on all questions affecting industry throughout the country. This part of the programme has not yet been decided upon, however, and the principal business of the convention will be to discuss remedies for financial stringency.

Cannot Stop a United States Senator.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 12.—In the circuit court Judge Johnson has sustained the motion to get aside service in the case of the Northwestern National Insurance company against John L. Mitchell on the ground that Mr. Mitchell had a right to claim exemption as a United States senator on his way to the seat of government in order to attend a session of congress. This decision sets aside service in all the other cases in which Mr. Mitchell was summoned just before he left for Washington.

The New Minister to Hawaii.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—Mr. Albert S. Willis, the new minister to Hawaii, received his instructions from Secretary Graham and left for his home in Louisville, Ky., to make his preparations for going to Honolulu. Mr. Ellis Mills, the new Hawaiian consul general took the oath of office in the morning, his nomination having been confirmed Saturday. Mr. Mills will make a visit to his home in Saunton, Va., before leaving for his new post. He will probably leave for Honolulu next month.

Not Responding With Wheat.

TOPEKA, Kan., Sept. 11.—Up to this time only one hundred bushels of wheat have been collected for the farmers of western Kansas by the Board of railroad commissioners. Requests are on file for 200,000 bushels from citizens of thirty-three western counties who are unable on account of loss of crops to buy seed wheat.

MADE A BIG HAUL.

A Cashier Sandbagged and Robbed of \$5,000 in Cash.

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—Two sandbaggers took \$5,000 from the counting room of the Pabst Brewing company's supply house at Desplaines and Indiana street, having first made the cashier insensible by a blow on the side of the head with a bludgeon. Robert H. Gruschow, the cashier, had been counting the money, which was all in bills. When nearly through he heard a knock at the door. When it was repeated a minute later he opened the door. Two men stood one behind the other, in the dark hall. Gruschow had only time to notice the fact when he was felled to the floor with a sandbag.

When he recovered he looked on the counter for the money. It was all gone except about \$100 in small bills, which the thieves had swept from the counter to the floor in their haste. The watchman who had been about the building came in just after Gruschow discovered the money. He had met a man a man a few minutes before, coming out of the building in great haste. He started out to look, but there was no one around. The man was short and thick set and wore a straw hat. Gruschow was taken home in a carriage. His wound is not dangerous.

MADE SHORT WORK OF IT.

The Home Rule Bill Defeated in the House of Lords.

LONDON, Sept. 9.—In the house of lords the home rule bill was rejected by a vote of 419 against to 41 in favor of the measure. A significant feature of the home rule discussion in the house of lords was the fact that a special police force had been ordered to report for duty in palace yard in front of the house of parliament in order to be ready for immediate action in case of a hostile demonstration against the lords, when the latter left the building after division on the home rule bill.

In the street an immense crowd awaited the announcement of the result of the division. A strong detachment of police mingled with the crowd or were drawn up in front of the entrance to the building. When the result finally reached the people it was received with vociferous cheering. Here and there a knot of men would start an expressive of their approval or disapproval of the verdict of the peers. An analysis of the vote shows that twenty-five bishops and archbishops who were present at the division all voted with the majority. The vote was the largest ever recorded in the house of lords.

HUGHES FOUND GUILTY.

The Court martial at Topeka, Kan., Hands Down Its Verdict.

TOPEKA, Kan., Sept. 11.—The Hughes court martial has handed down a verdict of "Guilty." Colonel Hughes is dishonorably discharged from the military service of the state. He is found guilty on all charges but two, these being "carrying news to the enemy" and "speaking words of encouragement to the enemy." The "enemy" mentioned in these charges being the lawful house of representatives. As determined by the supreme court of the state, the court martial finds him not guilty. The verdict of guilty is based on the main charge of refusing to obey the governor's orders to go to representative hall and eject the Douglas or Republican house. The court sets up that there would not be any discipline maintained in the National guard if officers were protected in the open refusal to execute the orders of the commander-in-chief.

They Will Leave Their Children Alone.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 11.—T. W. Whitley, residing near Silver Hill, with the elder members of his family, attended church some distance from home, leaving five of his children, ranging in ages from 5 to 13, in care of the house. After the services were over he returned to find the house had been burned to the ground and all five of his children cremated.

Two Men Killed on the Track.

LEBANON, Ill., Sept. 11.—Andrew Fritch, of St. Louis, and Julius Sealar, man, of Breese, Ill., mine laborers, were run down by a passenger train on the Ohio and Mississippi track at Bennett's coal mine and instantly killed. Noise made by the mine elevator prevented them hearing the approaching train.

Express Robbers Captured.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 11.—A special to The Chronicle from Oswego, Kan., says that the three men who robbed a Frisco train at Mound Valley, Kan., and killed Express Messenger Chapman last week, have been captured and are now in jail at Arkansas City, Kan. All of the prisoners confess their guilt and one admits having killed Messenger Chapman.

Fire at Canby, Minn.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 11.—A Canby, Minn., special to The Journal says: Fire burned a block and a half in the business part of town, destroying sixteen stores, the post office and the Bank of Canby. The fire was caused by the falling of a lamp while it was lighted. The loss is estimated at \$200,000, with insurance amounting to \$60,000.

Started on Full Time.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 11.—The H. F. Watson Paper company, which has been running on half time, started on full time with a full force of 100 employees. The Erie Forge works, which has been shut down completely, also started with a full complement of men.

Fatally Scalded in a Bath Tub.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Sept. 11.—D. Lathrop, an inmate of the Soldiers' home, was scalded in a bath tub while bathing, from the effects of which he died. He turned on the hot water by mistake and was unable to turn it off or get out.

Fire at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 11.—Fire at 3 o'clock in the morning destroyed the William Gorman wholesale grocery, stock valued at \$100,000, and the building was valued at \$25,000. The stock was fully insured and the building partially.

Escaping Convict Killed.

MORRILLTON, Ark., Sept. 11.—At Ward's convict farm, five miles from here, six convicts broke for liberty and were fired on by the guards. One was killed, two were badly wounded and three made their escape.

Zimmerman Ties Two Records.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Sept. 12.—A. A. Zimmerman won a trial mile in 2:30.2 flying start, using Willie Windle's world record. Then he went for the half mile record, and did it in 0:57.4 seconds, which also ties the record held by Windle.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Brought Down for the Busy Reader.

Thomas Logan, an unmarried laborer, shot and killed himself in the public park at Strator, Ills.

Rudolph Kauth, aged 15, was drowned in Portage Lake, Mich., while in bathing. He could not swim and got beyond his depth.

Henry White attempted to board a train at Cedar Rapids, Ia. Both legs were cut off at the hips and he will die.

F. H. Kleekamp, a Fort Wayne attorney, arrested for impersonating a United States marshal, has been released.

John Gebhard, the Dayton, Ohio, forger who escaped from the Columbus penitentiary recently, has been captured by farmers to whom he applied for lodging.

France was very much disturbed by strikes last year. An official return shows that in twelve months there were nearly three hundred trade disputes, affecting 16,000 workmen.

Collections for the benefit of the sufferers by the great storm were taken up in all the Charleston churches.

Mrs. J. H. Lane of Hartford, Conn., fell from the gallery of the senate chamber in the Indiana capitol, Indianapolis, and received injuries believed to be fatal.

Policeman George Murphy of Martin's Ferry, O., shot Friday in a riot with circus men, died from his wounds. William Wilson, who fired the fatal shot, is in jail.

At Godfrey, Ills., a tramp fired three shots into the sleeping car Gallatin, several of the occupants having narrow escapes. The murderous vagrant escaped from the train crew, who pursued him.

Two mills of Quindick company, Quindick, R. I., resumed. Burrville mills will resume next week.

William McNeill, a jealous crook, brained his wife with an ax while she was asleep at Mobile, Ala.

John Saari and Ema Pemalla, natives of Finland, were killed in a fight near Calumet, Mich. Three men are under arrest charged with the crime. All were intoxicated.

Ralph DeForest of Boston, cook on the dining car which went down in the Chesapeake wreck, is dead, making the list of fatalities seventeen.

Captain Simon Wade and Solomon Lewis, two of the nine condemned Choctaws convicted last September, will be shot Friday at noon by the sheriff of Adams county, I. T.

Edward Waite of Boston, aged 15, was drowned in the Presumptuous river at Deerburg, Me. Mrs. Mary Curran, who saw the accident, dropped dead from excitement.

Frank Harper was found guilty of arson of LaPorte, Ind., fined \$500 and sent to prison for two years.

Clara Weiker, who threw her babe from a train at Lima, O., has been sent to jail under bonds of \$10,000.

In a fight among themselves a half dozen moonshiners were seriously but not fatally wounded at Chestate, Ga.

John Todd and wife, living near Bethel Church, Mo., are charged with poisoning the family of Rev. J. A. McIntosh.

Edward Fox, a farmer of Effingham, Ills., while riding in a cart was killed by the accidental discharge of a shotgun.

Sherman Waks, of Port Mitchell, Mich., visiting at Cromwell, Ill., fell from a tree, breaking his neck.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

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should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper
Company.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the
principal places of amusement during the com-
ing week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—
Mr. E. S. Hooley.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—
"All Haba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
"The Charity Ball."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
Dennan Thompson.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kirk's
Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Con-
gress of Rough Riders of the World. Open
every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—
"Diplomacy."

HAYLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
"McCarthy's Mishaps."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
"The Dazzler."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Six-
teenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from
10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of
Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sun-
days included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate
the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—Thomas Davis.

VERDICT OF THE HOUSE OF BAR-
TARDS.

The English house of lords has done
the work expected of it. The Home
Rule bill was defeated in that body, after
a three days' debate, on Friday evening
of last week, by the unprecedented vote
of 419 to 41, or within a fraction of ten
to one. This was the answer of the
feudal Normans to the British and Irish
democracy. They stand there, like a
wall of carrion, between Ireland and
even partial liberty. The more they
putrefy politically, the more immovable
they become, and, unfortunately, they
have at their backs the masses of de-
graded Saxons who have been their serfs
since the day of Hastings. Both classes
are as much united today against Ire-
land as were the Norman spearmen, and
the Saxon archers, in the days of Strong-
bow.

The English house of lords is com-
posed of a class of human animals inca-
pable of advancement. The English
Saxons are not worshippers of graven
images, but they are worshippers of
hereditary idiocy, which is worse. The
crimes of the descendants of the Con-
queror, against each other, wiped out,
centuries ago, the direct male line of
succession—not even the surnames sur-
vive—and their places have been taken,
in most cases, by successive waves of
royal bastards, generally the children of
immoral actresses, complainant house-
maids, and debauched country girls.
Thus, they inherit all the crimes of their
infamous fathers and all the coarseness
of their miserable mothers. They live
upon the fruits of ancient plunder, im-
agine themselves a superior order of
beings and believe in suppressing the
uprising of the plebeians by the sole ar-
gument of brute force. Most of them
have never seen Ireland, although they
have been enriched by its rent rolls, and
those who have seen it are, with few
exceptions, its most malignant foes.
These holy villains, the Episcopal "Es-
tablished" bishops, who sit also among
the lords, are, in every way, fit compan-
ions of the debauchees, the idiots, the
drones and the blacklegs with whom
they associate. The English house of
lords is, in fact, a gigantic superstition,
which has held its own for centuries,
safely enthroned in the bosom of English
ignorance. The stupid Saxons make
their representative house nugatory, by
still bending to the Normans, as their
brass-collared forefathers did in the days
of the first Plantagenets. But, if the
English people were sincere in their al-
leged desire to do justice to Ireland, the
house of lords would not dare, bull-
headed as it is, to stand in their way.
The peers feel, and know, however, that
their action makes them popular with
the English majority, and this, beyond
question, is the fact. We doubt if the
lords have been so popular in England

for fifty years, as they are today. They
have "downed the mere Irish," and that
is enough to make the average English
voter bow down and worship them.

But is Ireland to be beaten forever
because 419 British lords—the foul seed-
ling of "Royal" profligacy—have de-
clared against Home Rule? Have the
five and twenty millions of the Irish
race, distributed over the earth's sur-
face, no resources within themselves ca-
pable of bringing these titled miscreants
to reason? Have we not had about
enough of "oiled speech" in connection
with Irish affairs? The Home Rule
wagon, after toiling its way painfully
and laboriously through the commons,
is "stalled" in the mud of the house of
lords.

Read the language of the ruffian,
Cecil, called the Marquis of Salisbury,
in the closing speech of the debate:

"What appeared to shine visibly
through all arguments was that Home
Rule was a policy of despair. The Lib-
erals had said: 'You have failed; we do
not know how to succeed, but we will
try something that nobody has tried be-
fore.' What moral or political right
have any government to employ such an
experimental policy in Ireland, di-
vided to her base by party conflicts
which, during seven centuries, English
rule had rather increased than dimin-
ished?"

"Representative government never
flourished on a soil where homogeneity
was wanting. This policy would be
madness in dealing with ordinary men
and more than madness in dealing with
a race that for centuries had hated En-
gland. Lord Salisbury reminded the
house of the opinion the country held
before this terrible change occurred,
when the Liberal party was solely in the
hands of deserters. Then, he said,
however much they might have dis-
agreed on local and international ques-
tions, he felt sure that on all imperial
questions their hearts had beaten true
to the empire, as had the hearts of Con-
servatives. Macaulay, when he sat with
the Liberals, and Gladstone, when he sat
with the Conservatives, (laughter)—
had said that they would regard the
repeal of the Union as fatal to the empire
and would never consent to it. If En-
gland had told their lordships that she
wanted this horror the case might have
been different, but he believed that to
be impossible. As long as England was
true to herself, she would never allow
this atrocious, this mean, this treacher-
ous revolution. Their lordships would
be untrue to the duty devolved upon
them from a splendid ancestry and un-
true to their highest traditions if they
failed to reject the bill."

Here is a plain declaration that En-
gland—in which the Tory-Unionists
have a large majority—will never con-
sent that Ireland shall have home gov-
ernment. Lord Salisbury has, of course,
too much contempt for the weakness of
Ireland to contemplate the possibility of
any other argument than talk being used
in her behalf. Well, we will see about
that. There are some Irishmen still liv-
ing who know of an argument or two,
outside of parliamentary jargon, that
may have some effect on this lordly
felon and his fellow criminals. When
such language is used by an English
brute against the liberties of the Irish
people, patience ceases to be a virtue,
and cold reason has no longer place in
the controversy. It is about time for
the Irish Home Rulers to think of plac-
ing the fortunes of their struggle in
their own, and sterner, hands than their
own.

A WOLF IN THE FOLD.

A Mr. M. T. Elder, "Catholic," of
New Orleans, La., signaled himself at
the Catholic congress by sending a paper
full of gross misrepresentations of his
fellow Catholics to be read by a Mr.
Murphy. Elder, himself, it would ap-
pear, did not consider it prudent to come
here and read his very peculiar produc-
tion. Mr. Elder's ingrained Knownoth-
ingism revealed itself in every line of
his composition. He said, among other
false things, that all the great men of
the country were Protestants, mostly
reared in farming communities, and that
Catholics have not much hold on the
soil. Who did more for American col-
onization than Lord Baltimore, or for
American liberty than Charles Carroll
of Carrollton, and his kinsman, the Cath-
olic bishop? Bishop England, of South
Carolina, and Archbishop Hughes and
Charles O'Connor, the great lawyer, of
New York, were among the ablest men
of any calling, in their day and genera-
tion. Gen. James Shields was one of
the most successful of our commanders
in Mexico, and Gen. William Stark Ros-
cans won the first great battle of the
civil war, excepting Shiloh, for the
Union cause. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan
was a devoted Catholic, and his military
genius is as well established as that of
Napoleon or Von Moltke.

There were scores of other Catholic
generals, both Irish, German and Amer-
ican, who demonstrated, in the face of
death and danger, at the head of Cath-
olic troops, that the grand old faith was,
indeed, the mother of heroes. Mr. Elder
forgot, in writing as he did, that he was
insulting the great prelates of the church
who thronged the hall in which the
congress sat—James, Cardinal Gibbons,
Archbishop Feehan, Archbishop Ryan,
Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Burke and
a host of others, almost equally distin-
guished, not to mention hundreds of
priests and thousands of laymen—nearly
all highly intellectual, vastly gifted,

thoroughly educated gentlemen. The
only exceptions were to be found among
the Catholic Knownothings and Orange-
men, of Mr. Elder's own type.

It is true that a great many Catholics
keep public houses, misnamed "saloons."
So also do a great many Protestants, and,
as alleged producers of crime and mis-
ery, we have yet to learn that a Protestant
saloon is in any way inferior to a Cath-
olic saloon. If Mr. Elder drinks whisky,
or absinthe, the chances are he goes to
a Protestant saloon, where he may get
gently "full." If it is in rear of a
fruit store, all the better. Mr. Elder
made so much of the saloon issue in his
paper that we may be pardoned for sup-
posing that he had had large practical
experience among knights of the white
apron, and came off second best. Oth-
erwise he would not be so vindictive.

If Mr. Elder were to travel through
Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri,
Michigan, and the two Dakotas, he would
find thousands of Catholic farmers set-
tled in the very richest lands. And
they are good, practical farmers, too.
THE CITIZEN has many of them on its
subscription rolls, and they are "good
pays," every man of them.

The man that presided over the con-
vention, Morgan J. O'Brien, Judge of
the New York Supreme court, possesses
more brains than all of the Elder type
that ever trod the earth. We could, if we
had the space, mention scores, just as
able as he, both in the convention and
outside of it. Elder may be a convert.
We are sorry if he is, because leopards
never change their spots, and all the
waters of the Jordan cannot wash race
bigotry out of a Knownothing. If he
was born within the fold, he has learned
to bark like a wolf. His Catholic fiece
cannot disguise the animal inside of it.
He and "Catholics" like him make us
sick. They should go over and hold
high carnival with the Duke of Norfolk
and the other "Catholic" noble (?)
brutes who voted with him against the
Home Rule bill. "Poor old Dan" used
to say "God forgive me for having
emancipated such fellows!" We say
"Amen."

"IRISH DAY" LOOMING UP.

The programme for Irish Day, Sept.
30, at the World's Fair, is now nearly
completed, and the prospects of a bril-
liant success far exceed the original
hope of the projectors of the demonstra-
tion. From all parts of the country have
come to the executive committee prom-
ises of large contingents to attend on
that day, to do honor, jointly, to America
and to Ireland. The Green Flag of the
Irish nation will float from the flagstaff
of Festival Hall, beside the American
national emblem. The literary and
musical part of the programme will be
well taken care of. His Grace, our own
archbishop, the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan,
will take the chair, and deliver the ad-
dress of welcome. The Most Rev.
Archbishop Hennessy, the Hon. Bourke
Cockran, of New York, Hon. John E.
Fitzgerald, of Boston, John F. Finerty,
and some others, will deliver addresses
on subjects of general interest, and the
bardic portion of the programme will
be sustained by artists of universal re-
putation. Irish Day at the World's Fair
now promises to be the great event of
the season.

HOME RULE AND THE CATHOLIC
CONGRESS.

The Irish question is a red rag to cer-
tain persons in this country calling
themselves Catholics. No Orangemen
in the country could have been more
exasperated about Col. Fenlon's resolu-
tion in reference to the Home Rule bill
and its rejection by the English house
of lords, than were some of the alleged
Catholics—of the Duke of Norfolk stripe
—who attended the great congress re-
cently held in this city. The Chicago
Evening Post, of Sept. 9, has the follow-
ing graphic account of the affair:

"Cardinal Gibbons had made the clos-
ing address of the congress, but before
Chairman O'Brien could declare it ad-
journed Mr. T. P. Fenlon, of Kansas,
got the floor and began to speak on the
Irish question. There were hisses in
various parts of the hall and cries of
'Out of order,' but he persisted and pre-
sented resolutions sympathizing with the
Irish and referring to Gladstone's Home
Rule bill.

"No, no! Out of order!' came from
various parts of the hall.

"I move their adoption!" roared Mr.
Fenlon.

"This is no place for them!" yelled a
delegate from the rear of the hall.

"The chair attempted to settle the mat-
ter by ruling that they would have to go
to the committee on resolutions, but that
only made things worse.

"I move the suspension of the rules,"
cried Fenlon.

"The chair rules that it will require
a unanimous vote to suspend the rules,"
returned Chairman O'Brien.

"I appeal from the decision of the rules,"
said Fenlon, and rushed excitedly
down the center aisle.

"Half a dozen motions were made, in-
cluding one to lay the resolutions on the
table and one to adjourn, but the chair-
man put the appeal from his decision,
and declared the chair sustained. Fen-
lon promptly called for a division on the
vote, and in the confusion that followed
Judge Moran slipped up to the chairman
and whispered something in his ear.

"Judge Moran makes a suggestion
that I trust you will listen to," said the
chairman. "This matter was before the
committee on resolutions, but was put
aside because it was politics. If it is

brought up now it should include the
Poles and the persecuted of all nation-
alities."

"Mr. Fenlon said that he would accept
an amendment to that effect, and Judge
Moran explained that the reason it was
laid aside was that it was in no sense a
Catholic question. He then moved to
amend by including among those to
whom sympathy should be extended the
Poles, the Jews in Russia, and all the
people whom any tyrannical govern-
ment persecutes." The resolution as
amended was adopted, W. F. Bryant, of
Omaha, being the only one who voted
against it. Before any other trouble-
some questions could be sprung on the
congress Judge O'Brien declared it ad-
journed."

Judge Moran found an ingenious way
out of the difficulty, and thus saved the
congress from doing a churlish and
cowardly thing. There is no "politics"
in declaring sympathy with the op-
pressed anywhere. The Catholic church
itself—particularly when Daniel O'Con-
nell was struggling for Catholic Emanci-
pation in Great Britain and Ireland
against the then existing house of lords
—often needed sympathy, and often re-
ceived it, from this and other countries.
Mr. Fenlon subsequently explained to a
reporter that the words "Catholic Ire-
land," attributed to him by some of the
newspapers, were not used in his origi-
nal resolution. It was meant for all
Ireland, Catholic and Protestant. We
don't know who the man Bryant is, that
voted against the amended resolution.
We suppose his original name was
O'Brien, and that, like all racial rene-
gades, he is more bitterly anti-Irish than
the English themselves.

RICHARD M. HOOLEY.

Chicago has lost one of its best-loved
human landmarks, and America one of
its best and most popular citizens, in the
death of Mr. Richard M. Hooley, the
world famous theatrical manager. Pos-
sessed, to all appearance, in the win-
ter of life, the vigor of middle age, his
countless friends were surprised by the
announcement of his serious illness, and
shocked at its fatal termination, at his
residence, No. 17 Delaware place, last
Saturday afternoon. His malady was a
disease of the liver, for which an opera-
tion became imperative, and death,
which without the operation could not
be long delayed, was probably hastened
by its accomplishment, as Mr. Hooley
had attained the ripe age of over three
score and eleven years. He was born on
April 13, 1822, in the town of Ballina,
county Mayo, Ireland, but, while still a
child, removed with his father and
mother, and other members of the fam-
ily, to Manchester, Eng. The elder
Hooley was a prosperous dry-goods
merchant, and, intending that his son
should become a member of the medical
profession, gave him a thorough educa-
tion. He studied at the Hyde Academy,
in Manchester, and showed a great deal
of literary talent; but his love of music
soon developed into a passion, and he
became famed among his college mates
as a consummate player on the violin.

He came to America, in 1844, on a
pleasure trip, and there fell in with the
Christy Minstrels, to whom his musical
gifts made him invaluable. He spent
two years with the Christy, company and
then, being a youth of energy and enter-
prise, he soon became a manager him-
self. In 1848, he took a theatrical com-
pany of his own to Europe, and played
with great success in Great Britain and
Ireland, and on the continent of Eu-
rope.

This tour occupied him for five years,
after which he formed a partnership with
Tom Maguire, of Maguire's opera house,
San Francisco, during which he pro-
duced on the Pacific coast nearly every
prominent actor and actress famous in
the East and in Europe. When his busi-
ness engagement with Maguire closed,
he devoted himself to other enterprises,
and, in 1862, established his popular
Brooklyn Theatre—the first permanent
place of amusement opened in that city.
In 1869, he came to this metropolis and
built Hooley's Opera House, on Clark
street, where the Grand Opera House
now stands. It was destroyed by the
fire of October, 1871, after he had leased
it to Frank E. Aiken and Frank Lawler,
two well known actors of that period.
He retired himself on an income of, at
least, \$30,000 a year, but the fire changed
everything, and he was compelled to go
to work again arduously than ever. He
exchanged the ground on which his
opera house stood for the site on Ran-
dolph street, and began to build im-
mediately. The new structure was com-
pleted just one year after the other one
had been destroyed, and it still holds the
field as one of the most popular places of
amusement in Chicago.

His manager, for several years, has
been Mr. Harry J. Powers, whose suc-
cess has been scarcely second to that of
Mr. Hooley himself, and who will con-
tinue to manage the theatre for the bene-
fit of Mrs. Hooley and her children. Mr.
Hooley married Miss Rosina Cramer at
San Francisco, in 1856, and of the three
children who blessed the union, Mrs.
Grace Hurlbut and Miss Mary Hooley
survive. Miss Rosina, the eldest daugh-
ter, died in 1882.

Mr. Hooley was the soul of kindness
and benevolence. It was impossible for
him to refuse aid to any worthy cause,
and he always gave without hope or de-
sire of return. He was, truly, one of
nature's noblemen, and his handsome
face, with its framework of white hair
and venerable beard, will long be missed
in the busy haunts of his active and useful

life, as well as in the home circle, of
which he was the life and the light. It
can be said with absolute truth of Rich-
ard M. Hooley that, if ever any mortal
went down into the grave without hav-
ing made an enemy, he was the man.
He well performed the duties of this life,
and died, in the hope of eternal reward,
leaving nothing of his earthly work un-
finished.

GLADSTONE SHOULD TURN CATHOLIC

The fine spirit of Christian meekness
that is supposed to distinguish British
"established" Christians, is well illus-
trated by the following cablegram:

"LONDON, Sept. 11.—The sensation of
the day here is an attack made yesterday
upon Mr. Gladstone by Rev. Frederic
Davies. Mr. Gladstone, it appears, at-
tended divine services at the Episcopal
church at Blairgowrie, and the sacred
edifice, in honor of the premier's visit,
was packed with people anxious to see
the great liberal leader. On previous
Sundays, it would seem, the church men-
tioned has not been crowded with wor-
shippers. Rev. Frederic Davies, who
was to preach the sermon, publicly in-
sulted Mr. Gladstone by refusing to
shake hands with the venerable states-
man before the service. In addition,
during his sermon the clergyman vehem-
ently condemned the people present for
as he claimed, coming to church for an
unworthy motive—to worship a creature
rather than the Creator. The remarks
of Rev. Frederic Davies caused much
indignation among the majority of those
present."

THE CITIZEN is no worshipper of Mr.
Gladstone, but it has no hesitation in
saying that any clergyman who would
deliberately insult the gifted old gentle-
man in that fashion ought to be un-
frocked. THE CITIZEN would advise
Mr. Gladstone, if he desires to come in
contact with priests who never fail to be
gentlemen, to join the Catholic church.
Thus he will kill two birds with one
stone—rebuke Protestant bigotry and
surely save his immortal soul. Get thee
baptized, William!

A GENERAL convention of the Irish
National League of America has been
called to assemble in this city on Mon-
day, Oct. 2. The call is signed by the
officers of the organization.

THE Hon. M. V. Gannon, president
of the Irish National League of Amer-
ica, resident at Omaha, Neb., was mar-
ried, on Aug. 21, at Rock Island, Ill., by
the Rev. Thomas Mackin, to Miss Mary
Thompson. After a brief bridal tour,
the happy couple will be at home to
their friends this week, in Omaha.

THE Catholic congress, before ad-
journment, passed resolutions of respect
to the memory of Dr. John Gilmary
Shea, Francis Kern, John Boyle O'Reilly
and Daniel Dougherty, who were mem-
bers of the Baltimore convention.

THE Davitt Gaelic Athletic club de-
feated the O'Mahonys at a hurling match
in the grounds, Indiana avenue and
Thirty-seventh street, last Sunday after-
noon, the score at the close of the match
standing, for the Davitts, three goals
and one point; for the O'Mahonys, one
goal and six points.

MESSRS. M. V. Gannon, John P. Sut-
ton and William Lyman, the chief offi-
cers of the Irish National League in this
country, issued what appeared to be an
authentic document, denunciatory
alike of the house of lords and the
Home Rule bill last week. Mr. Gannon
has come out with a denial, saying that
it is no time for Irishmen to become,
practically, allies of the house of lords
in denouncing the bill. Mr. Lyman in-
sists that Mr. Gannon, some months
ago, gave him authority to use his name
and so the matter stands.

LORD MAYOR SHANKS left Dublin on
Wednesday to attend Irish Day, Sept.
30, at the World's Fair. He was ban-
queted before leaving, and made a thor-
oughly good-natured speech, praising
America, Ireland and things generally,
in response to a call upon him. Mr.
Shanks, notwithstanding his quarrel
with Dublin aldermen, will be well re-
ceived here as chief magistrate of the
Irish metropolis.

OBITUARY.

MR. DANIEL HEALY.

Mr. Daniel Healy, one of the oldest
settlers in Hyde Park, died at the re-
sidence of his daughter, Mrs. Dougherty,
No. 401 Garfield boulevard, Sunday
afternoon, as the result of a paralytic
stroke received ten days ago. Mr. Healy
was 63 years of age and was born in the
county Tipperary, Ireland, in 1830. On
reaching his majority he came to Amer-
ica, settling for a short time in New
Jersey, then coming to Chicago. After
remaining here a short time he pur-
chased a farm near Wilmington, in Will
county, Ill., and soon after returned to
Hyde Park, where he lived for the bal-
ance of his days. At the time of his
settling in Hyde Park it was a mere
wilderness. Mr. Healy was identified
with the village of Hyde Park from the
time of his arrival up to the time of the
annexation to Chicago. He always took
an interest in village affairs and was
honored by election to the school board
of the first district shortly after its orga-
nization, which position he held for sev-
eral years. In 1873 he was appointed
superintendent of public works, which
office he retained until 1878. Before this
time and after he was contractor for
public works; the largest portion of the
drives throughout Hyde Park were built
under his personal supervision.

To him and his wife, who in girlhood
was Johanna Maher, were born nine

children, three of whom died in infancy,
and two sons died after reaching their
majority. Two sons, John and Daniel
H., and two daughters, Mary and Nellie,
the latter the wife of Dr. Patrick
Dougherty, are the surviving members
of the family. The funeral was held on
Tuesday morning at 401 Garfield boule-
vard to St. Anne's church, thence by car-
riages to Calvary. The service was con-
ducted by Rev. P. M. Flannigan, pastor
of the church.

JOHN MCCARTHY.

John McCarthy died at 5:30 o'clock
Monday morning at the residence of his
daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Betts, No. 96
Judson avenue, Evanston. The deceased
was 76 years of age, and his death was
due to the embolism that comes with
such advanced years. John McCarthy
was born at Tralee, Ireland, and came
to this country in his early boyhood.
Most of his life was spent at Buffalo, N.Y.,
where he built up a large mercantile
business. For the past three years he
had resided in Evanston.

MR. P. J. M'GINNIS.

Mr. P. J. M'Ginniss, an old resident
and prominent business man of Chicago,
died at his residence in this city on
Thursday of last week, after a lingering
illness. He was born in Ireland fifty-
four years ago, and came to America
when quite young. At the outbreak
of the civil war he enlisted in the Union
army, and served with credit to the
close. He commanded his company
when the period of service of his regim-
ent expired. About twenty years ago
he engaged in the ice business, and made
it a success. He died in comfortable
circumstances. His wife and several
children survive him. Mr. M'Ginniss
was a man of peculiar disposition, posi-
tive in his convictions, but honest in his
sentiments. He was an intense Irish-
man, and, at one time, took a prominent
part in the Fenian movement. A very
large concourse of friends and neighbors
attended the obsequies at the Catholic
church of Mount Carmel. The interment
was at Calvary.

EDWARD M. RIGNEY.

Mr. E. M. Rigney, traveling freight
agent of the Wisconsin Central railroad
company, who was killed in the collision
at Colehour, was younger brother of Mr.
John J. Rigney, the well known real
estate dealer of this city, and was a gen-
tleman of great promise, who was held
in high respect by the officers of the
Wisconsin Central and by all who knew
him. The shock to his brother, who
loved him deeply, was terrible, and he
has not yet recovered from its effects.
Mr. Rigney was killed outright, when
the crash came, and was thus saved
the awful suffering that preceded the death
of other victims of the same terrible
disaster. The Rigney family have
the sincere sympathy of all their
friends in their sudden, and irrepa-
rable, affliction. The funeral oc-
curred on Monday, from the family re-
sidence, No. 1267 West Polk street, to the
Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Jack-
son boulevard and Albany avenue. Re-
quiem high mass was celebrated by the
Rev. Father H. Crebler, assisted by
other clergymen. The church was filled
with mourners, who were deeply touched
by the affecting obituary sermon
preached by the eloquent pastor. An
enormous cortege escorted the remains
of Mr. Rigney to their last resting place
in Calvary cemetery.

THE COLUMBUS CLUB.

Catholic dignitaries from all parts of
the world were the guests Tuesday night
of the Columbus club. Advantage was
taken of the presence in the city of the
many distinguished representatives of
the church both to entertain them for a
few hours and to enable the members of
the club to be presented to them. Of
the members at least four hundred came
to pay their respects. No guests from
the city were invited, but there were be-
tween 100 and 150 from other parts of
the country, besides the archbishops and
bishops. Among those present were
Archbishops Janssens, New Orleans;
Katzner, Milwaukee; Ireland, St. Paul;
Hennessy, Dubuque; Corrigan, New
York; Elder, Cincinnati; Gross, Port-
land, Oregon; Redwood, New Zealand;
Ryan, Philadelphia; Riordan, San Fran-
cisco; Williams, Boston. Bishops Chat-
ard, Vincennes; Richter, Grand Rapids;
Zardetto, St. Cloud; Cotter, Winona;
Gabriel, Ogdensburg; Mees, Covington;
Burke, St. Joseph; Moore, St. Augustine;
Ryan, Buffalo; McGovern, Harrisburg;
Phelan, Pittsburg; Gallagher, Galveston;
Radomacher, Fort Wayne; Spalding,
Peoria; Keane, Washington, D. C.;
Kain, St. Louis; Scanlan, Utah; Hoslin,
Natchez, Miss.; Mata, LaCrosse; Wat-
erson, Columbus; Hartsman, Cleveland;
McDonnell, Brooklyn. Mgrs. Fanelly,
New York city; Demuid, Nugent, Liv-
erpool, England. Fathers Kennedy, Mc-
Ginniss, Vallarfolid, Spain; Lavelle, New
York city; W. Elliott, New York city;
Connelly, Rome; DeParadis, (Coe)
City, Ill.; McGorrick, Des Moines;
P. Dunne, Dublin; F. Buttery, Dub-
lin. Counts De Knefstein, Cassell,
Profs. Grassi, M. O'Dea of Notre Dame,
Messrs. J. A. Bittel, Mt. Madison, Ia.;
C. Doyle, New Orleans; D. M. McGarry,
Los Angeles, Cal.; Herbert Robinson,
Toronto, Can.; D. S. Flinn, Albany, N.Y.;
William Dillon, Denver; J. Delmar,
Brooklyn, N.Y.; L. Brown, Pomona,
Cal.; A. Bressant, LaPrairie, P. Q.;
J. E. Romo, Buffalo, N.Y.; V. F. Mac-
chek, Buffalo, N.Y.; C. T. Cavanagh,
Cambridge, Mass.; D. G. Hamilton, St.
Louis; R. W. Healy, Chattanooga; J. A.
Bittel, Fort Madison, Ia.; R. R. Elliott,
Detroit; Alex. Bourassa, Montreal; John
Carbery, Peterboro, Canada; Daniel
Lennou, Joliet,

THAT HAT.

I won her "Yes." I kissed her lips; I searched her eyes with thoughts elate, Her deep blue eyes were fraught with doubt, How could my darling hesitate? I coaxed the cause of trouble forth, She murmured, "Is my hat on straight?"

Weeks flew, she was my wedded wife, The carriage stood beside the gate To bear us to our dear new home, My joy was quite temperate, I whispered low, "My love, my own," As forth we fared in bridal state, With eyelashes all wet with tears She answered, "Is my hat on straight?"

Reveries dimmed those early years, My dowry was precipitate, I gently broke the news to her, My angel wife and loving mate, Our little all was at the dogs, And we should have to emigrate, She trustfully made answer brave, With confidence for any fate, "You'll make another fortune, dear, But tell me is my hat on straight?"

She snatched our baby from its death Upon an engine's path late, She spoke a speech, with much applause, Upon the day we celebrated, She single handed warned and fired A serious man into a state, But after every feat supreme, When I my pride would intimate, My heroine would always say: "How nice! But is my hat on straight?"

Oh, woman, dear to God and man, What ails your graceful little pate? Why is that sweet, delightful hat So difficult to navigate? Knowledge of good and evil you, Ere you were summoned to vacate, Snatched at in Eden and secured, With penalties commensurate, But will you never, never know, From now till beauty's doom and date, Past peradventure of a doubt, Whether you have your hat on straight?—A. L. Townsend in New York Sun.

BRIXTON'S CHOICE.

There are many varieties of matrimonial proposals besides those which appear in novels, and one of them made a lot of trouble a year or two ago for John Brixton. Brixton was one of the intelligent fellows who also are adaptive, so he had acquired a lot of acquaintances who were the envy of every one that knew him. Although he was only a salesman on salary—quite a good salary, it must be said—for a large firm of iron manufacturers, he was frequently accounted familiarly by bank presidents and other business magnates and could slap any of these gentlemen on the shoulder without giving offense.

As he was a bachelor and old enough to have outgrown the habit of lounging through successive evenings in houses where there were pretty daughters, he was available for dinner parties given by men who knew no better way of spending an evening. Everybody among his acquaintances wished him well and wished they could do something for him, but they respected him all the more because he never tried to borrow money nor asked for any other favors. Solid business men told one another that Brixton would be one of them some day. He merely needed the chance which comes to every deserving man in the course of time, and each of them hoped it might be his own fortune to throw the chance in Brixton's way.

It seemed one day to old Budder, president of the Forty-seventh National bank and a hearty admirer of Brixton, that he was just the man to throw a fortune in Brixton's way. The plan came to Budder's mind suddenly, but sudden inspirations and quick action thereon are part of the daily life of the most solid presidents of big banks. Brixton had promised to lunch with the bank magnate at midday, and he appeared at the bank just in time to see the old man bowing out a lady with more courtesy and ceremony than he imagined Budder capable of.

As the old man caught sight of Brixton he exclaimed:

"One moment, Miss Fewse. Allow me to introduce my very dear and old friend, Mr. John Brixton. Mr. Brixton, Miss Fewse, daughter of old Ben Fewse, whom every one has heard of."

Brixton bowed and looked curiously at the lady. He had seen her father occasionally before increasing years and doctors had sent Mr. Fewse to his final home, and his eyes searched the daughter's face for indications of her father's disappearing traits. He found them, for, although the interview was short.

Miss Fewse was richly and simply dressed. Her figure, like her father's, was dumpy, and her face, though not round, was as broad and heavy and her forehead was as low as that of old Ben. Still, her manner was womanly, and as she finally took her departure Brixton, who had a dear old mother as well as a sister whom he regarded as the best young woman alive, sorrowed to himself that a man as rich as old Ben Fewse could not have married some one whose blood could have atoned for the sadness of his own.

"Well, John," said the president, after handing Miss Fewse into her carriage, "you owe me one. Any one of a thousand good fellows in New York would give 50 years of his life for such an introduction to Miss Fewse as I gave you just now. Go right ahead now and make use of it."

"You're always doing the friendly thing, Budder," remarked Brixton, sinking into an easy chair, "but I don't quite understand it this time."

"Don't, eh?" said the president, hastily relighting a cigar which he had laid on his desk when Miss Fewse was announced.

"Well (puff), Miss Fewse is joint heir with (puff) her brother—her only brother, mind you. Old Ben's estate is estimated by his executors at \$8,000,000. I don't know how close that comes to the truth—I don't take much stock in what I can't see with my own eyes—but this much I do know."

Then the president clapped two pudgy hands upon Brixton's knees, looked squarely into Brixton's eyes and said in a low, measured monotone:

"John Brixton, I know of my own knowledge that Ada Fewse has over one million—dollars—in good railroad bonds right in my safe here. 'Nough said, eh?"

"Enough money, I should say, for an unmarried woman who doesn't look as if her tastes were expensive. But what have I to do with it? You said"—

"Do with it?" echoed the president. "Why, you donkey, make it your own. Marry the girl. She isn't a beauty, I must admit, but she's respectable and honest, and she'd accept you in a minute."

"Upon my word, Budder," laughed Brixton, "you've been in business so long that even women seem property to you. Miss Fewse never saw me until five minutes ago."

"Perhaps not, but she's got her father's level head on her shoulders. She's seen dozens of other men. Scarcely a month goes by without some fellow offering himself to her—for the sake of her money, of course. She doesn't object to marrying, for, being a woman, she has a heart, but she has enough character to wait a husband whom she can respect, and none of the fellows who have offered themselves thus far has been of that kind."

"Upon my word, Budder," said the younger man, "I never would have taken you, good fellow though you are, for a man whom an unmarried woman would have selected as confidant. It does you credit, though, that she seems to have opened her heart to you."

"Oh, well, Ben and I have been in many speculations together, and she knows he always trusted me. Besides there's no sentimental nonsense about her. She isn't afraid to unload her ideas upon an old friend of the family, so we've talked very freely about it. By the way, she has such a matter of fact manner that she looks older than she is. She's really five years younger than you. Your fortune's made, poor boy, unless you make a fool of yourself in some way."

"Let me sound her about it. You may count upon me to do it without lack of proper respect for either of you, and I'll bet the entire assets of this bank against a penny that you may announce your engagement within a week. Then you'll be hand in glove with a lot of us fellows in a business way as well as socially, and we want you—we really do."

"Budder," said John Brixton, rising from his chair, "you've got a heart as big as an ox, and I'm heartily obliged to you for your interest in me. You must give me time to think of it, though."

"Time to—?" ejaculated the president, firing his cigar butt at the cuspidor with such energy that he overshot the mark and elicited a howl of anguish from the bank's cat as she mistook the missile for a mouse when she opened her eyes from a peaceful slumber. "There're some things that a fellow can't afford to think about. Do you stop to think when a trout rises to your fly? Come along to lunch and make up your mind on the way."

But John Brixton wasn't able to give a decisive answer over the coffee and cigars. A million dollars in good securities seemed well worth the taking by a man who had worked industriously for 15 or 20 years only to reach a salary of \$5,000 or \$6,000, and an appreciative wife thrown in seemed like so much extra luck, for John's mother and sister had for years warned him that wives who hold good husbands in proper regard are as scarce as model husbands.

On the other hand, old Ben Fewse's daughter, who looked as much like her father as a woman could look like a man, would be a strange companion for a man who, in spite of much attention to material things in the way of business, had inherited many fine tastes and sentiments which he had kept in good, usable condition. Whoever he might marry ought to be fairly companionable to his mother and sister—two women whom he could not imagine enjoying Miss Fewse's society.

But while John Brixton went on thinking and wondering and compromising and rejecting his own compromises old Budder took the case in hand as earnestly as if it were a promising investment for his own bank. He was too good a business man to exceed his authority, but he and his wife took Miss Fewse out driving the very afternoon that he had made his suggestion to Brixton, and they took her home to dinner with them, and the old man made opportunity to sound the praise of John Brixton and to tell what fine women John's mother and sister were. So before the evening was over Miss Fewse was conscious of a mighty wish that some man like John Brixton would ask her to change her name and share her life and fortune with her.

Brixton had been at his office only half an hour the next morning when one of the clerks shouted:

"Some one on the telephone for you, sir."

"Who is it?" John asked, raising his eyes from a letter he was reading.

"Forty-seventh National bank—President Budder," the clerk replied.

"Wait a moment," said Brixton, dropping the letter, seizing his hat and starting for the door. "I'm out—you don't know when I'll be in."

One of the firm who had overheard the conversation asked his partner whether he supposed Brixton had been speculating in Wall street and got more accommodation from the Forty-seventh National than his collateral would warrant, and the partner replied that it might not be a bad thing to keep Brixton out of temptation by sending him to South America to look after a railway contract which they had been trying to secure through correspondents.

As for Brixton, he went straight home and prowled about the house until he found his sister.

"Ettie," said he, "you and I have always been confidential friends, although we're brother and sister. I want to ask you an unusual question, and I want you to answer it without joking or raising your eyebrows or any other teasing. Suppose I should suddenly determine that I wanted to marry. Whom would you best like for a sister?"

The young woman did not start or laugh or do anything expressive of astonishment, but answered promptly:

"I've longed for years to see you and Agnes Hammie make a match. You're made for each other."

"Longed for years, eh? Never changed your mind?"

"Never. Isn't she my dearest friend?"

Isn't she as good and sweet and handsome as—as she is poor?"

"What does mother think of her?"

"Just what I think and whatever one must who knows her. The dear girl would have been snapped up long ago if she hadn't been too poor to appear properly in the society for which she's best fitted. As it is, scarcely any young men know her except those who are not fit to tie her shoes."

"What do you suppose she thinks of me?"

"Well, on general principles she can't help liking you. For the rest, unless she forgets everything I say to her, she must think you're the one supremely perfect man on the face of the earth."

"H'm! What wonderful things you must have said to me—behind my back. Do you suppose you could arrange for us—she, you and I—to take a drive this afternoon?"

"Yes, but—"

"Exactly. Then find some excuse after you return from inviting her to find something which will unavoidably prevent your going."

By way of reply Ettie Brixton sprang from her chair, kissed her brother effusively and hurried off to dress for a morning call.

Miss Hammie went driving with John Brixton that afternoon, and although she was very sorry that dear Ettie wasn't with them she enjoyed herself greatly after the manner of busy people whose special pleasures come infrequently.

As the drive prolonged itself, she changed her mind about Ettie. She wouldn't have had the girl with her for worlds, for although there was more happiness in that carriage than she had ever before imagined the world could contain there was only enough for two, and the mere presence of any one else, even her dearest friend, would have entirely spoiled it. Instead of taking her directly home after returning from the pleasant country lanes through which he had driven, John Brixton drove to his own home and called his sister down to the little parlor, while he remained outside to watch the horses.

It seemed to him that he sat there alone at least 24 hours, although the parlor clock had ticked off only 20 minutes when Agnes tore herself away from Ettie with the remark that she could not be entirely happy until she had reached home and told her mother all about it.

President Budder was still at his dinner table that evening when a letter was brought in. The servant said a special messenger had brought it, with instructions to deliver at once.

"One of the delights of being a financial magnate!" growled the old man as he tore the end from the envelope. "Can't eat my dinner in peace. Any customer in such a hurry must be—great Scott!"

"Has some one failed?" asked Mrs. Budder.

"I should say so—failed to make a fortune. Listen to this:

"MY DEAR BUDDER—Perhaps men grow more bashful as they grow older. At any rate, I'd rather write you than tell you face to face the reason I hesitate to avail myself of your kind suggestion regarding Miss Fewse is that I am already engaged to a most estimable young woman. I shall expect you and your wife to dance at the wedding, which will be within a month."

"A thousand thanks, my dear boy, for your kind interest in me. As your own married life has been very happy, I trust you'll understand me when I say that I'm marrying a tremendous fortune, though every bit of it consists of human nature. Yours always,

JOHN BRIXTON.

"A million dollars—yes, three million dollars out!" exclaimed President Budder, dashing the letter to the floor. "Did you ever know such a fool?"

"I hope so," said Mrs. Budder. "I'd like to believe you'd have been just such a one yourself if a rich woman had been thrown at your head when you were paying attentions to me. Goodness knows you got nothing but me when you married. Stevens, bring up the oldest bottle in the cellar. We seldom have so good an excuse to open it."

"Right you are, my dear, as usual," said the bank president, going to the head of the table and giving his wife a kiss which might have been heard a block away had the windows been open.—Once a Week.

The Man's Interest in This Woman.

The white haired gentleman at the table opposite had been staring hard at me for several minutes. The entire absence of anything disrespectful had allayed my wrath and finally even aroused a certain feeling of satisfaction. There is no woman alive who does not rather like to be looked at when she is sure that no impertinence is intended.

At last the old gentleman spoke to his waiter in an undertone.

"But day ain't none on dat bill, sah. See 'fo' yo' self," protested the polite negro.

Another remark in an undertone from the old gentleman.

"Sense, me, miss," and the waiter turned to me, with an air of exhausted patience, "but is yo' had any browned potatoes 'fo' yo' dinner?"

I had had browned potatoes, but they belonged to an entree and had not figured in the bill by name. I explained the situation and sadly went on with my dinner. The old gentleman's attentions were due not to gallantry, but to gormandizing.—Kate Field's Washington.

Lilies in Paris.

Cartloads of lilac arrive at the Paris market every morning, and purchasers carry off armfuls of these branches of green foliage and white clusters of delicious perfume for the purpose of ornamenting their dwellings. The greater quantity of lilac which is collected in the market is from Seine-et-Oise, owing to the soil being poor and unsuited to all other vegetation. In the little village of Frette the land is almost entirely covered with forests of lilac. Five acres will produce 160 francs' worth of lilac each year. The branches which have the most blossoms are cut, the largest of which are rested against shelves of hay arranged for the purpose. The more minute branches are tied up in clusters with water willows around the bark or woody part of the branches and placed in vases.—St. Louis Republic.

ALL IN ONE DREAM.

WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY A MAN IN A SHORT SPACE OF TIME.

A Story Showing the Remarkable Swiftness With Which the Mind Works When It Is Supposed to Be Taking a Rest—How Long It Took to Do Ten Hours' Work.

A few evenings since a number of newspaper men were in an office awaiting the arrival of a gentleman who was to call together a meeting that they had been directed to report for their respective papers.

A number of topics was discussed, and one of these was dreams and the extreme rapidity with which mental operations are performed. A number of experiences were given, but the one that attracted the most attention was that of a Call representative, who narrated what he had done in a dream.

"It was," said he, "in 1868 that after a hard day's work I reached home and lost no time in retiring. Glancing at the clock as I turned off the gas I noticed that it was just 16 minutes after midnight."

"Shall I tell you at this point how long I was dreaming or tell first what I did in my dream? That you all may better appreciate what was done, I will defer the matter until the end. Bear in mind that what is to be told was all in the dream. Seated in the old office on Commercial street, above Montgomery, I was endeavoring to put into presentable shape the facts of a trial that had taken place in the district court, when came E. A. Rockwell, who was the chief editorial writer, and calling me by name said: 'You had better get ready and go to San Leandro. There's been a terrible railroad accident. There's 50 or 60 people killed, and I don't know how many injured.' George E. Barnes, at that time one of the proprietors and managing editors, had overheard Rockwell, and in that quiet way of his suggested that no time be lost in reaching Oakland, and there procuring a buggy and a pair of horses, to go to San Leandro or wherever the accident was."

"Rushing down to the ferry landing at the corner of Pacific and Davis streets, I reached there in time to find that the steamer for the other side of the bay had just pulled out, and that I would have to wait half an hour for the next boat. The ferryboat did move eastward it seemed as if she would never make her landing, she seemed to be going so slowly. When the slip on the other side was reached, there was some accident to the local train, and there was not any prospect of starting for an hour or more. There was not a team of any kind at the landing, so I had to walk to Oakland."

"A desire to make up for the time lost urged me on, and I think the time made from the landing to Broadway and Washington street has never been beaten by man. Near the corner I went into a livery stable and ordered a pair of horses hitched up. There was a delay there, for the proprietor had his doubts about the ability of the team making the trip out and back. Finally I started, and the way those horses flew over the road was a caution. When the scene of the disaster, some distance beyond San Leandro, about 14 miles from Oakland, was reached, I proceeded at once to gather the facts."

"Down on the notebook were penciled the names of 30 odd men, women and children who had either been killed outright or burned to death in some of the cars which had caught fire. Then followed the names of about 40 who had been injured, a description of their injuries and the opinions of the physicians who were in attendance as to the possible outcome in each case. Now, any of you who have had experience in gathering information of that kind can fully appreciate that it was not child's play, for the injured were in different places, and it required time to get around to them all."

"Then there was the obtaining of data about the dead. A number of them were well known residents of this city, others were from San Jose, so it became necessary to obtain enough to give each a decent obituary notice. In addition to this it became a part of my duty to get the statements of passengers, so as to describe their feelings when the train derailed and went over on its side down a little gully and be able to write up the narrow or fortunate escape of each. Then there were railroad officials to interview, and, as you all know, they are the hardest kind of people to obtain facts from."

"Well, it took nearly three hours to get all the matter that was needed for a sensational article that was to appear under a half column space head. Then there was the ride back to Oakland settlement with the livery stable man, who swore that he would never rent a team to a newspaper man again, a rush in a hack to the ferry landing and the trip to this city. Without waiting to get anything to eat I made my way to the office and at once commenced to write up, telling every one who came to ask for details to let me alone. I did not write in copper plate style, and for that matter I never did, but I wrote and kept on writing until I had enough to fill what would make about four full columns of The Call of the present day and wrote that big scare head. As I handed the last line to the foreman to set up I heaved a sigh of relief and exclaimed, 'Thank goodness, that's done! That is my dream.'"

"At that moment I felt a hand on my shoulder, jumped from the bed and heard my wife ask, 'What are you dreaming about?' I lit the gas, looked at the clock and discovered that it was 17½ minutes after midnight, or, in other words, that in my dream of less than two minutes I had performed all that I have related."

"I have figured on the time it would take me to do what I did in that dream and find that it could not be done in less than 10 hours under the most favorable circumstances."—San Francisco Call.

CONFUSED WITH HYDROPHOBIA.

How the "Acute Mania" Resembles One of the Most Dreaded of All Diseases.

"There has been an unusual number of deaths recently from alleged hydrophobia," said an insanity expert to a Star reporter yesterday. "However, we 'mad doctors' do not share the popular belief respecting that complaint."

"I was called in the other day to attend the case of a young woman who was dying with all the symptoms of so-called hydrophobia. She was in convulsions. When offered water in a tin receptacle, she bit right through the sheet metal. She barked now and then like a dog and frothed at the mouth."

"The average general practitioner would have diagnosed the case as hydrophobia off hand. But there was one objection to that theory—the patient had never been bitten by a dog or by any other animal unless it were an insect. Not only was there no question of mad dog, but there was no dog at all in the 'history' of the disease. The latter was nothing more nor less than what the insanity specialist terms 'acute mania.'"

"Acute mania is a complaint which manifests itself in all of the symptoms which are commonly attributed to hydrophobia. The patient is thrown into convulsions at the sight not only of water but of food, such manifestations varying in different cases. Barking like a dog, frothing at the mouth and biting at whatever is within reach are quite usual. The unfortunate must be served with both food and water in tin receptacles to avoid danger. In nine cases out of ten death ensues."

"Is there no danger, then, in being bitten by a rabid dog? Certainly there is—very great danger. What is the matter with such a dog? He is attacked by a disease—the familiar complaint called 'septicemia,' or blood poisoning. His bite is likely to communicate blood poisoning to the person bitten. It is a serious and often fatal complaint. Sometimes it happens that the individual bitten receives so severe a shock from the fright that the nervous system is upset."

"In such a case acute mania may set in. To bring that about the dog need not be rabid. To speak more accurately, it need not be suffering from blood poisoning. It may be perfectly healthy, and yet the fright occasioned by its bite may induce the dangerous nervous trouble of which I speak. I think that I have made myself clear. Take particular notice of the fact that acute mania may be brought on by a variety of causes independent of the canine species. But if the patient has happened at any time previous to be bitten by a dog the trouble is at once attributed to that, and the cry of hydrophobia is raised."

"Now, I will venture to say that one person out of every three receives at some time in his or her life a wound, slight or otherwise, from the teeth of a dog. Frequently such injuries are inflicted by playful puppies or otherwise accidentally. When you consider that this animal is the intimate friend and constant companion of man, it is hardly surprising that such should be the fact. You say that you yourself have been slightly bitten on two occasions. Suppose, as is quite possible, that you were taken with acute mania, barking like a dog, foaming at the mouth and exhibiting a disposition to bite. Would not your afflicted relations refer the symptoms to one of those dog bites? Of course they would. If you died, you would be advertised in the newspapers as a victim of hydrophobia."

"What I tell you is not merely a theory of my own. It represents the belief of experts in nervous diseases generally."—Washington Star.

Kant's Relaxations.

The only relaxation Kant, the celebrated German philosopher, allowed himself was a walk, which he invariably took during his life at Koenigsberg at about the same hour every afternoon. His usual stroll was along the banks of the Pregel toward the Friedrich's fort, and in these walks he was always a careful observer of the phenomena of nature. He told his friends one day how, as he passed a certain building in his daily walk, he had noticed several young swallows lying dead upon the ground.

On looking up he discovered, as he fancied, that the old birds were actually throwing their young ones out of the nests. It was a season remarkable for the scarcity of insects, and the birds were apparently sacrificing some of their progeny to save the rest. "At this," added Kant, "my intellect was hushed. The only thing to do here was to fall down and worship."

Another great philosopher, Bishop Butler, used to take his recreation, according to one of his chaplains, in a somewhat singular manner. He would walk for hours in the little garden behind his palace at Bristol "in the darkest night which the time of the year could afford."—Chambers' Journal.

The Little Red Schoolhouse.

The essential value of teaching, from the district school up to the university, lies, I believe, in the contact of mind and character between the teacher and taught, and if this be so, then the little red schoolhouses, with its single teacher and few pupils, is a better institution than the big schoolhouse, with 50 or more scholars to the teacher and occasional visitors from other skilled instructors. Were I a school committee man or an overseer of Harvard college, I would ransack heaven and earth, if possible, to find teachers with some originality of intellect and with that force and virility of character which impress themselves upon the plastic minds and hearts of young people. And, having found them, I should trouble myself very little about "courses" and textbooks and laboratory implements.

I venture to state this as a general proposition: Wherever teaching has been recognized as peculiarly successful, whether in schools or universities, the success has been due to the ability of the instructor and not to the excellence of the system under which or to the richness of the appliances through which he worked.—Outlook.

Blushing and Blanching.

Blushing is not an art. Neither is it an absolute sign of ill breeding, as some unkind folk maintain. The fact is it is just as natural for some people to blush on one occasion as it is for others to turn pale on another. The same laws of nature which govern the one rule govern the other. The capillaries or small blood vessels which connect the arteries and veins in the body form, particularly over the cheeks, a network so fine that it is necessary to employ a microscope to distinguish them.

Ordinarily the blood passes through these vessels in normal volume, leaving only the natural complexion. But when some sudden emotion takes possession of the heart its action increases, and an electric thrill instantly leaps to the cheeks. The thrill is nothing more than the rush of blood through the invisible capillaries. The color is nothing more than the blood just beneath the delicate surface of the skin. The causes that bring about this condition in the circulating system are called mental stimuli. They consist of joy, anger, shame, and the many other emotions.

Sudden horror, remorse or fear, on the contrary, influence the nerves which control the blood vessels, and the face becomes white. Blanching and pallor result from the sudden action of the mind on the nervous system. So if the mind be forewarned and prepared for emotions both habits can at least be partially overcome. But when the nervous system is highly strung it would be a lifelong if not futile task to endeavor to effect a perfect cure. It is the sensitive, nervous girl who blushes easily, while the girl stolid by nature or who by education has her nerves under perfect control seldom blushes.—Philadelphia Times.

How a Logbook Is Kept.

How many landmen know how a logbook is written up? It seems just as complicated as double entry bookkeeping when one does not know, but after a little careful attention and study it's as easy to keep a logbook as to eat hot gingerbread. There is a list of letters arranged, and they look like so much Greek to the uneducated.

The letter b, for instance, stands for blue sky, whether there be clear or hazy atmosphere; c means cloudy or detached opening clouds; d denotes drizzling rain; a small j, fog; capital F, thick fog; g, gloomy, dark weather; h, hail; l, lightning, and m, misty or hazy so as to interfere with the view.

The letter o represents overcast or when the whole sky is covered with one impenetrable cloud. Passing showers are noted by the letter p, and q indicates the weather to be squally. Continuous rain is indicated by an r, snow by an s and thunder by a t. Any ugly threatening appearance in the weather calls for the letter u, and visibility or distant objects, whether the sky be cloudy or not, is represented by the letter v. A small w is wet dew. A full point or dot under any letter denotes an extraordinary degree. As an example of how the letters are used take q p d l t. This reads very hard squalls and showers of drizzle, accompanied by lightning with very heavy thunder. Numerals denote the force of the wind. A cipher indicates calm, 1 light air, 2 light breeze, 3 gentle breeze, 4 moderate breeze, 5 fresh breeze, 6 strong breeze, 7 moderate gale, 8 fresh gale, 9 strong gale, 10 whole gale, 11 storm, 12 hurricane. This system of abbreviation is generally adhered to on all merchant vessels.—Geographical Magazine.

Good Use of a Flag.

In Havana there was one evening a great row in the streets, and a man was killed. Every one ran away except an Englishman, who did not see why he should run off, but stopped to do what he could for the wounded man. The city was then, as it often was, under martial law, and in a few minutes a party of soldiers came up and walked the Englishman off. He was tried then and there by a sort of drumhead court martial and condemned to be shot the next morning at 8 o'clock.

He managed to get the news conveyed to the English consul, and at 7:45 o'clock next morning the consul appeared in his coach and four, uniform, cocked hat and sword, all his orders on, etc. The shooting party were drawn out, and the prisoner was there too. The consul walked up to the officer commanding the party and demanded the life of his countryman.

"Very sorry," said the officer, "but I must carry out my orders," and he showed the warrant signed by the governor. "Well," said the consul, "at least you'll allow me to shake hands with him before he dies." "I can't refuse that," was the reply. On which the consul stepped up to the Englishman, put his hand into his breast coat pocket, drew out a union jack, unfolded it, threw it over the man and then said, "There, now, fire if you dare!" The lieutenant was staggered, the matter was referred to the governor, and the Englishman was saved.—London Spectator.

Anthrax in Mud of Sheep Wells.

An epidemic of splenic fever broke out among some sheep on a farm in the south of Russia. Thinking that the disease might be connected with the use of a particular well water, the matter was bacteriologically examined. Diastroph was unable to discover the anthrax bacillus in the water, but an investigation of the mud at the bottom of the suspected well revealed the presence of an organism, which, on inoculation into animals, was proved beyond doubt to be the bacillus anthracis. On the well being closed, no further cases of anthrax occurred.

That the germs of the anthrax had in some manner gained access to the well is certain and opens up the possibility of the communication of this disease by means of drinking water. Moreover, the likelihood of such contamination taking place through the drainage from soil points to the desirability of destroying the carcasses of infected animals by cremation rather than burial.—London News.

WHERE "FAKE" COMES FROM.

It Was a Theatrical Term, Which Found a Champion in Mr. Howells.

There is one word which the larger vocabulary of the public has lately taken from the smaller vocabulary of the playhouse and which some strolling players of the past apparently borrowed from some other vagabond familiar with thieves' slang. This word is fake. It has always conveyed the suggestion of an attempt to deceive.

"Are you going to get up new scenery for the new play?" might be asked, and the answer would be, "No, we shall fake it," meaning thereby that old scenery would be retouched and readjusted so as to have the appearance of new. From the stage the word passed to the newspapers, and a fake is a story invented, not founded on fact—"made out of whole cloth," as the stump speakers say.

Mr. Howells, always bold in using new words, accepts fake as good enough for him and prints it in "The Quality of Mercy" without the stigma of italics or quotation marks. Just as in the same story he has adopted the colloquial electric for electric lights—i. e., "He turned off the electric." And hereafter the rest of us may use either fake or electric with a clear conscience, either hiding ourselves behind Mr. Howells, who can always give a good account of himself when attacked, or else coming out into the open and asserting our own right to adopt either word because it is useful.

"Is it called for? Is it accordant with the analysis of the language? Is it offered or backed by good authority? These are the considerations by which general consent is won or repelled," so Professor Whitney tells us, "and general consent decides every case without appeal." It happens that Don Quixote preceded Professor Whitney in this exposition of the law, for when he was instructing Sancho Panza, then about to be appointed governor of an island, he used a Latinized form of a certain word which had become vulgar, explaining that "if some do not understand these terms it matters little, for custom will bring them into use in the course of time so that they will be readily understood. That is the way a language is enriched. Custom and the public are all powerful there."

Sometimes the needful word which is thought to be too common for use is Latinized, as Don Quixote preferred, but more often it is ennobled without change, being simply lifted out from among its former low companions.—Scribner's.

The Sassy Magpie.

The sauciest creature alive is the magpie of Australia. He is also a handsome fellow, and as he flies in undulating waves he gleams beautifully in the sunlight. Glossy black and pure white are his colors. His beak is sharp and can be very cruel, although he belongs not to the carnivora.

I once owned a magpie of this ilk. I lost him with the deepest regret. Our friendship was of the most pleasant character. It is true that he often put me to some inconvenience. He robbed me, but not as man steals. He stole for fun. My cat hated him with fervor. He haunted her dreams. It was his habit when puss was asleep to seize her by the tail, give it a vicious tweak and then fly to the back of the chair, laughing heartily. She never caught him, and in time her tail became to her a tail of woe.

As I have said, he and I became fast friends. He visited me every morning, perched himself on the footrail of my bed and sang his merry song. Then he would come and get into bed with me. It was my custom to smooth his feathers, place him on his back beside me and pull the sheet over him up to his chin, so to speak. He would then close his eyes, and he and I would take a nap. I have known him to sleep in this position for two hours. This seems incredible, but I am not dealing in fiction. Since I lost him it has been my hope that he fell in with those who understood his character. Wherever he is, I wish him well, for I could have spared a better friend.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Signals at Sea.

The international code of signals was prepared and first published in April, 1857, in accordance with the views and recommendations of a committee appointed by the board of trade. The code is described as consisting of 18 flags—namely, one burgee, four pennants and 13 square flags, and in addition an "answering pennant," which is displayed when the message is completed and understood. The 18 flags represent the consonants of the alphabet, and it is by a combination of two, three or four of these flags hung perpendicularly to each other that arbitrary signs are made which represent words and sentences of the same significance in all languages. Each signal has throughout the code but one significance. A signal is always made in "one hoist" in one place.

The nature of the signals is indicated by the number of flags hoisted, whether two, three or four together. Signals of two flags relate to danger or distress; signals of three flags to general subjects of inquiry or communication, including latitude, longitude and time signals, and signals with four flags relate to names. Single flags are not used in code signals, with the exception of "yes" and "no" and "answering pennants." The flags to be hoisted at one time never exceed four. It is an interesting mathematical fact, that with 18 variously colored flags, and never using more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,945 distinct signals can be given.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Novel Parrot For Sale.

A novel parrot, possessing, according to the advertisement, powers of mimicry and a vocabulary of 50 words, is for sale in London, but no gentlemen need apply. The precocious fowl is destined to pass into the keeping of a woman or never to change its owner. Why? Well, James Payn suggests that the bird may have hung in a drawing room where for a long time it has listened to the after dinner talk of the ladies, who now fear a betrayal of their secrets.—London Letter.

The Future of the West Indies.

As a field for colonization by Europeans and more particularly by British settlers the West Indies cannot be recommended. On the loftiest slopes of the Blue mountains of Jamaica a limited area may perhaps be found where a northern race might enjoy a suitable climate. In the lowlands near the sea the white man could not live and work. In the highlands of the interior, working in the morning and evening, he could easily accomplish seven hours a day of hard labor.

Jamaica is an island in which the experiment of colonization for our surplus population might safely be tried on a small scale. The promoters of the railway now being constructed, partially on the land grant scheme, would probably be glad to co-operate in carrying out a project of the nature indicated. In the Cayman islands, with 4,323 inhabitants, two populations are to be seen side by side. The white population numbers 1,603, the colored 1,728, and the black 992. The whites have been settled more than a century, and have been a thriving and vigorous people. It is an important fact to notice that a mixed or colored race cannot perpetuate itself. The children are wanting in stamina and constitution.

Taking a broad view, these lovely islands are only suited to a tropical race such as the negroes, and for these they may be made an earthly paradise. Left to themselves the people might rapidly degenerate. Under British rule we may, in a not distant future, confidently hope to see the black population of our West India islands living in prosperous circumstances, with all the markets of the world open to their useful products, good customers to the British manufacturer, bound to the British empire by the strongest ties of gratitude, and raised to a condition of enlightenment and civilization only as yet attained by a few men who have been greatly favored.—Lord Brassey in Fortnightly Review.

But Her Dream Was Realized.

Once upon a time a girl was seized with the bicycle mania. That was three years ago, when mamma was not quite so liberal minded as they are now. A rich aunt threatened to disown her, and the rest of the relatives raised a chorus of disapproval whenever she mentioned the subject. For the sake of peace and quiet the dear, self sacrificing girl gave up the bicycle idea, although every season she suffered terribly whenever she saw a girl on a wheel. About a week ago she asserted her rights and took her savings for three years and invested them in a bicycle. Every morning she disappeared for several hours and returned home with handaged fingers, torn skirts, a banged in hat, a sour temper and a painful limp.

Yesterday she invited the family to assemble at a certain riding school to see her perform. She nobly mounted, spun around the hall twice, jumped off and on with the agility of a young kitten and excited the admiration of the whole crowd.

Then some officious person said, "Go around the other way."

She had always practiced in the one direction, but such a trifle did not worry her, so she wheeled around and rode off like a runaway cable car. When she arrived at the first turn, there was a terrible crash, a shriek, a resounding crack made by her head coming in contact with the floor, and then all was still.

The family had her taken home in an ambulance, and she has already made arrangements to have the machine patched up and sold at half price.

It only cost her about \$125 to have her dream realized.—Chicago Record.

Lucrative Honesty.

"Oh, Tom," said a young wife to her husband, "I found a truly honest man this morning."

"Indeed?" said he, laughing ironically. "Yes, I did," she said. "He was a tramp—oh, so dirty and ragged and sick looking and miserable! He came around the back way and begged me in the touchingest tone of voice just to give him any old coat or trousers, so that he could throw away his rags and be a little cleaner—so I gave him that old black coat of yours."

"Hm-m-m-m" said Tom, raising his brows critically. "Now don't say 'Hm-m-m' that way," pointed his wife, "for before he had been gone 10 minutes he came back all out of breath, and—what do you think?"

"Asked for a vest and hat to suit the coat," growled Tom.

"No, sir," proudly exclaimed Mrs. Tom. "No, sir—he came to bring back a \$5 bill he found in the inside pocket, where you had forgotten it last summer. There, wasn't that honest?"

"Yes-s-s," said Tom slowly. "What did you give him for it?"

"I thought such unusual honesty was worth a dollar, so I gave it to him. Such honesty deserves reward, I'm sure."

"I suppose it does," said Tom, with a lugubrious look, as he reached out his hand for the bill. "Only you see, wife, I never carried money in my inside pocket in my life, and—"

"This blanked bill is a rank counterfeit—that's all."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Subject Quite Exhausted.

They are two very clever newspaper women, and one leisure day they went together to buy a rubber mackintosh for one of them, which was necessitated by the exposure in rainy weather consequent upon her business.

Now, mackintoshes are rather high priced, and there was a good deal of hesitation over the purchase.

"Would it wear well?" They were assured it would.

"Would it pull in the seam?" "Never."

"Was it absolutely waterproof?" "It would withstand a cloudburst of rain."

The subject seemed exhausted. Still they hesitated.

"Would it fade in the sun?"—Boston Herald.

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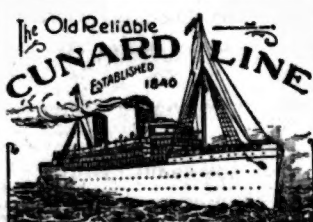
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